TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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A Trip to Europe---No. I.

AT SEA, Wednesday, August 5, 1891.

Nothing looks so well at the beginning of a letter as a large and comprehensive address such as the above. It is intended to impart to this contribution to SATURDAY NIGHT, all the importance to be derived from the grand indefiniteness of its place of origin, together with the traveled and what-d'ye-call-it air it gives the writer. With such a line at the top of the page one may write from the Pacific Ocean, the Arctic Sea or, as in the present instance, from the middle of the Atlantic. A week ago Monday, Mrs. Don and four little Dons left Toronto under my guidance for a trip to Germany and as the junior members of the party are rather inexperienced travellers I have found the trip so far unusually interesting, not to say embarrassing. I have a theory with regard to the education of little girls, and after considerable domestic discussion and preparation have started out with the idea of putting it to the test. The problem of educating girls is a more difficult one than that of teaching boys how to make a living. Ordinarily our girls get a smattering of a good many things by the time they quit school and prepare for the great feminine campaign after a husband and a settlement. If the said campaign is a failure either because they fail to make a capture or, worse still, only secure an effigy or a drone or drunkard or some other imitation of a man, then they find themselves unprepared to meet the difficulties of life and their sentimentalism and material woes begin in earnest. Sentimentally, as well as materially, I imagine girls are too seldom taught to be self-reliant; they have not within themselves the cultivated forces which keep us from despair when we find that things are not what they seem, and men, and women too, are not so good as they should be. Added to the disastrous results of such weakness at a critical time come the inability to make a living for herself. How many of the so-called "accomplished women" are capable of earning a decent living if suddenly cast upon their own resources? Their musical education extends to the playing of a few carefully studied pieces, and the singing—badly enough as a rule—of a few songs. In painting they have learned to daub canvas which must be retouched by their masters before it is fit to hang in the attic chamber, and what call is there for artists to spoil satin or paint panels? The qualifications necessary for school teaching are high and the examinations so severe that it requires a special training. Moreover, this school teaching profession is open to all who have a good common school education and can spare enough money to attend a collegiate institute for a year, and the applicants for each opening are every day becoming more numerous. Public school teaching has in fact become the educated woman's last resource, and therefore those who have the opportunity should try some other line. Stenography and typewriting, only a few years ago opened to women, are now crowded to death and five dollars a week will procure the services of a girl who can do both reasonably well. Those who see the tired girls behind shop counters thronging out of factories and millinery stores, cannot be blamed if they try to give their girls some sort of an education likely to enable them to make a living in an easier way. Newspapers and magazines, as long as I can remember, have been trying to tell "educated women" how to make a living. It seems to me of much more importance that parents should consider the matter of education while the girls are young and everything, for them, is in the future rather than in the past. "Education" does not mean a smattering of everything, but to be practical and valuable, it must mean the acquirement of something which can either be imparted or utilized.

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Mrs. Don and myself having decided to give the girls a cosmopolitan education on special lines, which they should be able to adapt to earning a livelihood, the first thing to be done was evident—they must learn the modern languages. To do this with the least amount of study and expense it was evidently necessary to take them to the countries where these languages are spoken. While children are young everybody knows they can pick up a language in the country in which it is spoken in one quarter of the time required by adults; and better still, they get a proper pronunciation. In fact learn it as they learn their mother tongue. They can see the continent while young and benefit by their experience, but if parents wait until children are nearly grown, all the frivolities of the continent of Europe will tempt them, distract them from study and influence them at that critical and uncertain time. When parents cannot control them young men and young women are often spoiled by being sent to Europe to "complete" their education, but I never heard of children being damaged by a good continental school when properly watched over by their mother. But enough of theories and domestic affairs which I must be pardoned for introducing in order to give coherence and excuse for the narrative of our voyage and adventures.

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By the through-car of the Erie Railway it is not a difficult matter to transport a family from Toronto to Jersey City, and with the family of a friend, a neighbor bound on a somewhat similar enterprise to our own we nearly filled the sleeper. When I was young I often wished to be the general manager of a circus, but after looking after four children for twenty hours on a train I have now no hankering after the management of a larger troupe.

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Canadians going to New York by the Erie see very little of Jersey City as they hustle through the depot for the ferry boat, which in a few minutes lands them in the greater city across North River. Jersey City has some two hundred thousand inhabitants, but only one passably good hotel—Taylor's. The street cars from the side door of the Erie depot land you at the door of Taylor's Hotel—a mile and a half distant—and you do not need to take a carriage, the charge for which is a dollar apiece; the fare on the cars is five cents each. The hotel is only two minutes walk from the piers of the Inman and Red Star lines, and though the house is not quite up to the mark, prices are not very high, and convenience to the piers means everything. We sailed by the S. S. Noordland, 5,500 tons burden, Captain Nickels, master, bound for Antwerp, and we did so because of the many pretty things Mrs. Grace Denison said of captain, ship and crew in her charming book, A Happy Holiday. Some seventy cabin, fifty-eight intermediate and two hundred steerage passengers came aboard, and twice as many people were down to see them off, waving handkerchiefs and some of them weeping great big round tears as the steamer left the pier. Both my neighbor and myself had our families along, so we had no waving or crying to do, and as for me I was supremely happy for the moment that I had got my charges on board without losing any of them or my senses. I never saw a youngster I liked better than my own, nor does it seem to me there are any who behave better, but I am free to confess that any one who is anxious to be at the head of a "personally conducted" infant excursion, cannot expect for himself or herself anything in the nature of a picnic. An intimate lady friend of mine had often told me that I knew nothing of the troubles of taking care of children, and I was disposed to argue the case. My wife, who is the lady I refer to, rather enjoyed the perspiring discomfort of my condition as I gathered my chickens into the steamer, with my son and heir wildly clamorous for it to start at once. His fruitless efforts to manage the hotel, run the train and take immediate command of the steamer were his last attempts to exercise the same wide powers and influence which were undoubtedly his at home. Now he is chumming with everyone on board, and has found a new and improved method of bossing the job.

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The voyage has been a delightful one, the ship—about the ship I want to write something special—for no ordinary steamer is the Noordland. It takes eleven days to go from New York to Antwerp, so it is no ocean greyhound, but it is one of the most popular steamers on the Atlantic. Popularity is often an accident but it is not so in this case. The time on board being long, the chief effort of the proprietors seems to have been to make it pleasant and captain and crew have been chosen with regard to this end. Capt. Nickels is a Heligolander, stalwart of build, and with the yellow whiskers, and deep voice of the old Norse sea kings. He does not affect the gruff mariner style, he is everybody's friend and never shouts at his sailors nor jumps on the unfortunate who presumes to ask him a question. Though he knows everyone in the cabin by name he has a personal dignity which preserves him from familiarity, and in fact he is my ideal sea captain. He is so evidently master of his ship that no one hears or sees or inquires about the other officers. Amidst smoking-room gaiety he never drinks and permits no one to even give him a cigar. He starts the games, shows the ship to all those interested, picks up the babies, takes old women and young ones for a stroll though he is by no means a ladies' man, is liked by the men and after all is evidently feared as well as liked by his officers and crew.

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There are no kickers on board, the captain says the last complaint was made to him five years ago, everybody is pleased and happy. Strangely enough I find that those who sail on the Noordland are not chance passengers as a rule, but have almost all of them been recommended to her by friends, or have crossed in her before. The men are almost all professional people out for a rest or else have plenty of leisure. The women are nearly all either young and members of families going to Germany for educational purposes or mothers having young folks in charge. The smoking room is no drinking saloon, there is no gambling aboard and everywhere in the same evidence of a desire for quiet restfulness. In fact our little company with one or two exceptions is a great big family, or union of families. There are plenty of musicians, preachers, lawyers, etc., and James Lewis, the celebrated comedian, together with his wife sit quietly on deck the whole day long and no one would recognize in the quiet little man with the actor's stubby, summer mustache, one of the greatest mirth provokers alive. Fast people may take the fast lines, but give me the Noordland everytime, with its large airy staterooms, immaculate cleanliness and a table which the oldest sea-goer in the party acknowledges to be as good as the best. The Noordland, too, is a sailer of the steady sort. She carries a heavy load of freight, and has no time for bobbing about like some, and is not in such a hurry as to drive through the waves and drench the decks. Perhaps I have been influenced by the Noordland admiration society, composed of everyone on board, but I think I have found a ship of a special and desirable class and feel anxious to say so.

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Of course we have some queer folks. People who have been so long together discover one another's peculiarities. We have a tall sandy haired court official from Connecticut who is fond of telling stories. He works on the principle that those who can't sing are the ones who need least coaxing to try. He can't tell a story to please anyone but himself, yet he needs no coaxing at all. He is a lawyer and a man of details. His stories are as long and intricate as a second mortgage and not a bit more profitable or thrilling. For instance, the other night he told us about going fishing at Moosehead Lake—wherever that is—and gave us, as an introduction, his wife's opinion of how a man should conduct himself on a fishing trip, with a chapter on how, when and where he bought a bottle of whiskey and a pint of brandy. At the point where he was about to invest in a box of cigars, he branched off onto his brother-in-law who once gave him a cigar eight inches long. This apparently made it necessary for him to describe his brother-in-law at great length, with a passing mention of his business and a trip to see him on board a man-of-war. Speaking of a warship diverted the storyteller in the direction of his father-in-law who had been a congressman and made some money. Lest we might think his wife's father had used his position corruptly while in Congress to acquire wealth he told how the old gentleman got rich, and then proceeded to account for the riches or poverty of every congressman and senator he had ever heard of. Returning to the fishing trip he admitted with charming candor that he could not remember just where he bought the cigars. His exact truthfulness on this point impressed us favorably and we were prepared to believe him no matter what he said. No one having challenged a single statement or even offered a suggestion, he finally reached the hotel, and after a good deal of delay got breakfast and a number of musquito bites. The exact hour of breakfast was ten minutes to five a.m., and after the meal he got his tackle and started for a sluice-way, which he reached after a chapter on tackle and another on fish in general. On the latter subject he told us a very long tale about catching fish in Italy and getting very sick, gave us the address of the drug store, where his wife bought two ounces of rum—not being able to get brandy—described the action of the rum on his system and made us afraid that we were to get a temperance lecture. He fished with a "derrick" that morning. A "derrick" is a stiffish bamboo rod joined in the middle. His description of hooking a fish and working it up the sluiceway made it evident that the climax was approaching. At last he landed his trout, and lo and behold he had hooked onto a lost line, and on this were two other trout. He said he had told this story several times, and it had been called a fish story, but upon his soul it was true, every word of it, and an ex-judge of the Court of Error and Appeal who was with him at the time would swear to it.

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A gentleman and his wife from St. Louis, having been unable to duly celebrate their honeymoon when they were married ten years ago, are taking it now on this steamer, and for strong and well preserved affection they are an example to the rest of us. They got seasick together, walked together and sat together, he reading to her without ceasing for anything but meals. Everybody has read Rudder Grange, and the gentleman has been named Pomona. He affects novels of the sensational sort and reads in a loud, hard and monotonous voice without reference to any such trifles as inflection or punctuation. Walking past the couple, or in a lull of sea and ship noises, one could hear this sort of thing:—"A—look—of unutterable—anguish—in—her—beautiful violet—eyes—told—how—deeply—his—words had—wounded—her—gentle—heart—O—my love—she—cried—now—can—you—use—such—words—to—one—who—loves—you—more—than—life—itself—would—to—God—you—had—not—given—me—cause—for—reproaches—he—said—in—a—strained—and—broken—voice—you—have—been—falts—to—me—." A lurch of the ship or the swash of a big wave occasionally gave the tired ears of the passengers a rest, but when silence followed—"With—a—wild—cry—trembling—through—her—white—lips—she—fell—forward—in—a—deathly—swoon.—He—caught—her—in—his—arms—and—frantically—pressing—her—to—his—breast—sobbed—out—O—my—darling—speak—to—me—she—heard—him—not—the—blue—veined—lids—hid—the—beauty—of—her—violet—eyes—and—as—he—kissed—them—ag—gen—and—ag—gen—he—muttered—kin—she—be—falts—my—heart—tells—me—I—am—wrong—yit—I—have—the—proofs—as—strong—as—holy—writ—her—lips—trembled—as—if—with—returning—animation—he—laid—her—gently—down—the—door—closed—and—he—was—gone—she—poor injured—thing—woke—to—find—herself—a—wife—without—a—husband—married—yet—a—widow—and—shrieking—he—is—gone—he is—gone—she—threw—herself—prone—on—the—floor—." This sample, copied from his book, shows what kind of an entertainment he gives us four hours in the morning and four more in the afternoon. One of the passengers seated himself near by the St. Louis elocutionist and gave an imitation of him one day, and the Man-in-Love-with-his-own-Voice has since been silent.

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An old lady, French by birth and gay of attire, has been gulling some by her pretensions to the extreme old age of eighty-nine. Feminine vanity dies slowly. She is really too old to be a belle amongst young or even middle-aged women, and in her desire to be conspicuous in some respect she has announced herself as eighty-nine, and having astonished everybody who was credulous enough to believe her, runs foot races, plays shuffle board and endeavors to demonstrate that she is the wonder of the age. It makes me tired to see a giddy old grandmother of this sort. She gave an exhibition in the dining salon to-night. I thought from the door that she was making a speech, but those nearer to her said she sang a song, but that it was dreadful. She danced, too, and cut a cake, but I couldn't countenance such a fraud and quit. She is not the only example of how feminine itching for a conspicuous place in a company where legitimately they have no standing, causes people to make fools of themselves. A young woman of polyglot and polysyllabic style has been trying to captivate all the specimens of mankind we have with us. She claims to have been a member of Mrs. Langtry's company, and to have been discharged because the star was jealous. Dear! dear! These smart women think men are fools, and perchance she is right, but there are too many men on board having their better halves with them to allow Miss Eyes a chance. We call her Miss Eyes because she has a very fine pair of orbs and works them as diligently as a farmer works his hired man. An eighteen year old boy going across to study music has been her only victim and he, poor giggling ass, has been made a holy show by this high heeled, prettily-slippered actress. She walked him up and down the deck by the hour and made him the laughing stock of the ship until his uncle—the story-teller from New England—threatened to lock the lad in his cabin if he did not stop his folly. It was high time. Everybody was wondering how the uncle was going to wean him from the woman when the ship got to Antwerp.

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There is another class of young woman who makes me sorry for her. She is the thoughtless creature who gets spoony on a fellow passenger of the other sex and permits the gossipy public about her to become aware of the fact. Of course there is nothing wrong about her except her lack of sense, but a reputation for spooning either in a conservatory or on the stairs or on deck at night in the shadow of a boat, does not improve the chances of a young woman either matrimonially or otherwise. The girl behind the boat is too often the butt of smoking-room jokes, and it does not adorn a maiden's name to be so used. If stories of Miss So-and-so's escapades went no further than the careless jokers of the smoking-room or the critics in the ladies' cabin it

POMONA.

would not be so bad, but when these people go their several ways they tell about their shipmates and the world is so small that what is whispered to-day in Sath is told next month in Toronto.

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Saturday.

This morning early we sighted Bishop's light, on the Scilly Island, and shortly after the land came in view. No matter how jolly a voyage one may have, it is joy unconfined to see the shore again. At ten o'clock Land's End and the Cornwall coast, with its high hills and lovely fields dawned upon sea-tired eyes. The Channel is thronged with shipping, and many ocean liners have passed us. It seems like home again, and to-night every body is preparing to go on shore if the weather favors and we get to Flushing in time for the tide to-morrow.

DON.

Around Town.

Ald. Hewitt and his special committee of the Council must have given the gravitation scheme of water supply for the city most serious consideration. Otherwise the report presented could not recite with such exactness the benefits and profits to be derived. The cost of the conduit and tunnelling is put at $5,846,394. "The cost of pumping for sixty years is estimated at $19,848,425, and the cost of gravitation for the same period including interest on capital sinking fund would be $15,394,033. Of this it is claimed water power would yield $12,600,000, making the net cost of gravitation waterworks $2,794,033.80, a saving to the city of $17,054,380.20 in sixty years, in addition to acquiring the works without further payments, and securing the income of $210,000 along with the ordinary water rates, besides saving the enormous outlay that would then be necessary for pumping, which outlay would be a continually increasing quantity." There is a precision of fact and figure here that enables anyone to see the advantage of gravitation. But I confess that on reading of the saving of $17,054,380.20 in sixty years I was reminded of Col. Sellers and his eye-water. A few thousand dollars of profit first year, then double and treble profits; it merits becoming known, bottles of it in every home in North America, profits a cool hundred thousand; now is the time to move on Europe, and make the profits multiply, establishing new manufactories in readiness for treating the sore-eyed millions of Asia—countries populated so thickly that the people are tumbling over each other in the street and every blessed one with sore eyes crying for Sellers eye-water. And as the excited colonel sliced off some more raw turnip he declared there was millions in his scheme. I can understand how the special committee in the Lake Simcoe matter might convince itself that gravitation would effect a great ultimate saving to the city, but to reduce the profits of sixty years to dollars and cents requires the genius of a Sellers and nothing less. The millions mentioned in the estimated saving are commonplace features enough, but the item of twenty cents fascinates me quite. Has the making of estimates become a reliable science since the Chinese Parliament buildings were commenced and the new city hall and court house was undertaken? Can the expense of a water works system running thirty-nine miles underground be figured down to the fifth of one dollar while the cost of the Parliament buildings cannot be anticipated in figures by half a million of dollars? The latter, too, is all on one spot and above ground. Of course, the special committee only make an estimate that claims to be nothing more than a semi-sensible guess. The fifteen-cent-per-hour by-law may have been lost sight of and the tendency of our rulers to keep all public works under civic control may have been forgotten, so that a few odd millions may safely be allowed as margin. But so vast an undertaking as this undoubtedly is will not be hastily ventured upon by the city, and though others may find themselves fascinated as I am by that saving of twenty cents, yet the great hard-headed bulk of the people will consider the information insufficient to warrant action. It seems to me that while engineers are going over the ground and boring experimental holes here and there and making additional estimates and sending in their accounts to the council, other engineers will discover new methods of pumping water from our own lake and a harmless disposal of sewage. Thus our great difficulty will happily be at an end.

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It may be the idea of the projectors of the gravitation scheme to make the pipe a sort of watering-trough for farmers along the route, and it may not. At any rate the notion has arisen in the agricultural mind between the city and Lake Simcoe that not only will every village within reach of the pipe secure an abundant water supply, but that the farms through which it runs will no longer require wells or rivers. The farmers see before them a time when they can afford a saucy independence of rain itself, for every one of them will tap the pipe and squirt Lake Simcoe over their thirsty fields. Viewing the matter from all points carefully, it is not amiss to advise the farmers to place their trust by preference in the rain-producing experiments now under way across the lines. It is prophesied that in time every township council will have a supply of kites and explosives and the other apparatus necessary to produce a shower at will. When the time does come and rain-making is a regular duty of the municipal officers it will be most interesting to visit the seasons of that august body the York County Council. Every year will see a full set of new faces, for no mortal could bring on a shower of rain at a time that would suit any mortal save himself, and every artificial down-pour would wash away the public usefulness of the municipal solon who produced it.

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The hospital authorities are said to claim that Martin Murray is endowed with the peculiar faculty of being able to take fits at pleasure, and they therefore decline to accommodate him in his voluntary convulsions. If this is true the young man is no doubt fighting out a question of individual liberty in what he considers a striking manner—he is illustrating an evil. If, after succeeding in his present philanthropic purpose he would go up off Dufferin street wharf in a row-boat and get shot by the volunteers he might cause the rifle butts to be removed, thus accomplishing another service to his kind. That done, I may think of some other avenue for his peculiar gifts, for there is really no limit to the opportunities of such a man. Finding that there is no adequate provision suggested by pity nor devised for punishment of a man in a fit, he is putting in his spare moments in forcing the derelict authorities to do something or notify the police that fits are on the free list—neither a crime that need concern the patrol wagon nor a calamity that need fret the ambulance, that they are in fact, quite optional with the citizen, like the smoking of vile cigars—though annoying to others and in ill taste, still permissable on the street or in any public place. In this period of subtle decision from the bench it may transpire to Martin's discomfort that while the patrol wagon has no right to deposit a citizen anywhere who is in a real fit and in some danger of death, it has a right to dump a pretender in the police cells. This would prove an inglorious termination to his ingenious labors in behalf of the afflicted.

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Everybody is disappointed with the census returns, for it was generally expected that the total population would be shown to handsomely exceed four million people. There is a disappointment in the figures that no artifice can explain away, for there is no excuse, could be no excuse, for a young country like Canada standing comparatively still for a decade. Thousands have poured in here from the old lands, yet we have not increased to their number, leaving natural increase out of the count. With all our heavy emigration expenditures we have not preserved anything like our natural increase. Those living within observation distance of Toronto have been misled by the marvellous growth of the past ten years and have only imperfectly realized how that growth has impoverished the rural parts of their population. The increase in the city has been about three fifths of that found in the whole province, and the other cities can promptly account for the remaining two-fifths. Yes, they can do more, and it leaves us the unpleasant conclusion that the rural population has actually decreased since 1881. Somebody once applied Goldsmith in this way:

Ill fares the land t' hastening ills o' prey,
Where towns accumulate and farms decay.

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If it would be undesirable to have rain I am always confident it will not rain, no matter how cloudy the sky may be or what the weather bureau may foretell, but I am honestly concerned at the revelations of the census. Not so much concerned for the future as surprised and grieved by the record of the past. Nature has stroked an endearing hand over our country from east to west and in all the world there is no land of warmer promise. In time this must tell and no earthly influence or combination of influences can permanently retard the growth of a nation whose vitality is in its own eternal hills and whose bread is forever guaranteed by its luxurious valleys. Population will come. I believe, and am conscious of no obligation to conceal the belief, that Canada should, and in time will, become an independent nation. When she feels her inspiriting life within, rather than absorbs it in sickly draughts from without, I believe such manhood will occur in every varied interest of the country that the historian will love to dilate upon it. It is too big a theme for discussion here and now, but it will yet be discussed.

ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Alex. Patterson, jr., returned to day from Grimsby camp, having spent a couple of months at this delightful spot.

The Tremont House, Yonge street, was the scene of a most pleasant gathering Tuesday evening, the event being the marriage of Miss Ada May Mannell to Mr. B. Eugene Hazleton. A large and costly number of presents decorated the reception-room. Mr. Fred Cole acted as best man, the bride being attended by her sister, Miss L. Mannell. Mr. and Mrs. Hazlehurst left by the 11 p.m. train for the principal cities of the United States.

The following are amongst the arrivals at the Iroquis House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.: Mr. Chas. Garth, Mr. J. Cassels, Mr. Henry Joseph, Mr. G. Durnford, Mr. Frank May, Mrs. Cooke, Mr. Thos. Mesmer, Mr. R. Mitchell, Mr. W. S. Peard, Mr. Charles Holland, Mr. J. Payman of Montreal, Mr. E. G. Prier of Ottawa, Mr. Mr. L. A. Braise, T. Broseau of St. Hilaire, F. J. McMartin of Montreal, Mrs. W. Duryea and family, Miss G. McMartin, Miss L. Cruga, Mr. Mr. S. Sanfield of New York, Mr. Blain C MacDonald of Montreal, Miss C. Lalaine of St. Alphonse, Miss A. Gayeth of Iberville, P.Q., Mr. Francis Martin, Miss L. Sparrow, Miss J. McDonnell, Mr. C. J. Sparrow of Alexandera, Mr. A. J. Theoret, Mr. Peterson and family, Mr. W. E. Christie, Mr. A. Elder, Mrs. Lane Mr. C. Lane, Miss Christie, Mr. J. B. Abbott, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Dalglish, Miss Miss B. Dalglish, Miss L. Dalglish of Montreal, Mr. Geo. Irvine of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard of Montreal, Mr. E. Jones, Mr. C. Drinkwater, Mr. Geo. Hazue, A. Trevethick of Montreal. Mrs. P. L. Johnson, Miss Margaret and Miss Minnie Johnson, Mrs. W. W. Armstrong, Miss Belle Armstrong of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Thyson, Miss Thyson of Washington, D.C., Mr. J. Paugman, Mr. George Hooper, Mr. A. Trevethick of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor of Grenville street have returned home from a pleasant trip to Ashbury Park, N.J.

The Misses May and Kathleen Reuben-Taylor of Montreal are visiting at their cousin's, Mrs. A. B. Barry of The Breakers, West Island.

Miss Agnes Crawford is visiting Mrs. Dixon at Upper Canada College. Miss Crawford purposes delivering a lecture illustrating the Delsartean system about September 10. This lecture will be of great interest to our cultured maids and matrons.

Mr. R. U. McPherson returned on Tuesday last from his trip abroad, having visited the British Isles, and accomplished the grand tour of the continent.

A delightful evening was spent last Monday in the Aquatic Club Rooms by a happy company of Center Islanders, who assembled as the guests of Mrs. F. W. Gibbs. The handsome hall was lit for the occasion with many colored chinese lanterns. The perfect floor was covered with merry young couples dancing till the wee sina hours. Miss O'Day of Buffalo, N. Y., whose reputation as a cantatrice of the first-class is more than local, first sang charmingly a classical aria and then the Maid of Dundee. Mr. Mundie also added to the pleasure of those present by rendering in excellent voice two songs from the German. Refreshments were served in an ante-room and the fair young hostess was warmly congratulated by her guests on her successful evening.

Mr. Percy Bath and Mr. Arthur Meredith rode to Roaches Point one night lately. They had an enjoyable ride until they ran foul of a violent rain storm, after which the road was rather hard wheeling for the gentlemen, who are comparatively new to cycling. The run is over fifty miles distant.

Mrs. and Miss Davies have returned from Muskoka.

Rev. Charles L. V. Brine of Hamilton was in town this week.

Mr. Augustus Whitney, an amiable and much liked member of Toronto's society circles, died in Detroit this week. Seldom is more universal expression of regret heard than is evoked by his early decease. Both in social and business circles his friends will long remember him.

Messrs. Thomas and Ham Killacky, from the Southern States, are visiting the city.

Miss S. M. L. Snell of Brunswick avenue, who has been spending two or three weeks at her cousin's, Dr. Buckams of Flint, Mich., will spend the remainder of the holidays in Cleveland, Ohio, with her brother, Mr. A. J. Snell.

Miss Maud Allan of Alexander street and her sister, Mrs. A. J. Ralston of Hamilton, returned this week from Muskoka.

Mrs. David White and her daughter, Edith, of Ingersoll, are spending a few weeks in the city and are at present staying with Mrs. Trotter of Bloor street west.

Mrs. J. K. Bigelow and daughter, Miss Laura, of 1172 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, are spending a pleasant summer with her brother at Kelwood, Colborne.

Mrs. W. H. Oliphant will be glad to see her friends at her new residence, 569 Spadina avenue, every Tuesday afternoon, commencing September 1.

A very successful regatta was held at Stanley House, Muskoka, on Tuesday afternoon, August 18, the following is a list of the prize winners: Mrs. Helliwell of Toronto, Miss McKenzie of Milton, Miss Tackaberry of Chatham, Miss Ethel Treble of Toronto, Mr. W. Helliwell of Toronto, Mr. R. McLean of Stanley House, Mr. H. Peters of St. John, N.B., Mr. T. E. McCraken of Toronto, Mr. Robinson of Orillia, Master H. Helliwell of Toronto and Master W. Biggar of Cleveland. In the evening suitable speeches were made by Mr. W. T. Boyd of Toronto, Mr. T. McCraken of Toronto, Mr. H. H. Negley of Pittsburg, Mr. G. H. Thomas of Detroit and others, and the prizes handed to the winners by Mrs. Brooks of Cleveland.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis gave a delightful tea on Friday of last week. Among those present were: Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Dennistoun, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. MacMahon, Miss Champion and a score of others.

Mrs. Becher's tea on Saturday was attended by a bevy of charming women and more than the usual sprinkling of the sterner sex. The afternoon was cool and pleasant, and Sylvan Towers, one of the most lovely of our Rosedale residences, with its pretty grounds, looked most inviting.

Miss Anna Wintermute of Chicago, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, has gone to Hamilton for a short stay.

The road race between the two leading bicycle clubs which took place on Wednesday evening brought out a large number of spectators to the Rosedale grounds. The lady members of the clubs were most enthusiastic and correspondingly jubilant or despondent, as their favorite club happened to be victor and vanquished. Several lady riders will accompany the club to Hamilton on the fifth to witness the finish of the road race to Grimsby and back.

A number of Torontonians are at present doing Paris the beautiful, as is proved by the arrival of sundry newspapers in a foreign tongue, addressed to various less fortunate stay-at-homes.

M. Geo. Coutellier has returned to the city and will organize his fall classes at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Greene are at the Rossin. Mrs. Greene wore a charming pearl gray costume at the matinee on Wednesday, where she and Mr. Greene occupied a box.

A few society people were at the opera during the week, but the regular season's audience are still on their travels or at the seaside.

Mr. Harold Jarvis was in town for a day or two on his way to fill some out of town concert engagements. He sang recently at Belle Isle Park, Detroit, before an audience estimated at twenty-five thousand, and with signal success.

Captain Charles Nelles of Brantford and Mrs. Nelles were visiting here this week. They were the guests of Mrs. Nelles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker.

At the mouth of a Cornish mine there is this piece of advice: "Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it."

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

The annual tournament under the auspices of the Bowling Association of Ontario, which began on the grounds of the Queen's last Thursday, would have been a grand and complete success had it not been for the heavy rain which fell Thursday night and Friday morning, rendering the sward during the remainder of the second day almost unfit for play and necessitating an unfortunate postponement of a number of matches which might otherwise have easily played off on Saturday. Those thus crowded out and which will be played at the Victoria Rink on Monday, September 31, are the finals and semi-finals in the singles and the finals in the consolation and double competitions. It was most disappointing to those who had evinced such an enthusiastic interest in the games to be denied the gratification of seeing what would doubtless have been a most exciting finish, but they at least had the satisfaction of witnessing during the three days some of the best matches ever played at any of the previous tournaments held here. The interest and enthusiastic excitement manifested by both the spectators and those taking part was most marked from start to finish, some of those who won for themselves most flattering applause by their brilliant play being Messrs. Biggar, Thornton, G. Geddes, Scott, Lightbourne and Furniss. The matches which proved particularly close, and consequently aroused the greatest interest, were those between the Granite and Victoria rinks; that between Belleville No. 2 and Victoria on Thursday, and those between the two Victoria and Granite rinks in the consolation; the semi-finals betwen the two Victorias being considered by far the best of the tournament. There were nineteen rinks, representing six clubs the Hamilton, Niagara, Victoria, Belleville, Granite and Prospect Park. The play throughout was unusually good, Toronto of course coming off as usual with flying colors. Some of those taking part were: From the Granite Club, Messrs. J. Gal', T. Scott, G. L. Kelso, A. P. Scott, J. Bruce, W. Hamilton, J. Paton, Dr. Snelgrove, G. H. Hargraft, J. Henderson, W. Lawrence, R. C. McHarrie, C. Dempsey, J. Fletcher, W. O. Thornton, W. McMurcy, J. Macdonald, J. Baird, H. Brown and D. O'Grady. From the Victoria: C. Madison, S. Morrison, J. L. Leslie, A. M. Cosby, W. Ketchum, J. L. Capreol, C. E. Swabey, C. Dickson, V. Horsey, W. Davidson, H. Harman, J. Furniss, G. Geddes, T. Langton, J. Russell, W. A. Wilson, E. Lightbourne, W. Smith, P. McNally, A. J. McWilliams. The Prospect Park was represented by J. Lugsdin, C. Cooper, J. Wright, A. Wheeler, R. B. Rennie, G. Hardy, H. J. Gray, D. Carlyle, R. L. Patterson, Dr. Troutman, W. Forbes, G. D. McCulloch, J. G. Gibson, R Watson, J. Clayton, A. M Mathews, T. Bounce, E. Forbes, G. Beverley and P. O Connor. Hamilton sent J. Elvey, S. Reid, J. M. Burns and J. Smith. As it was the first time the Hamilton club had been represented in the tournament it was formally taken into the association at the business meeting held on Thursday evening in the ball-room of the Queen's. Belleville was represented by C. Lavis, J. Lanier, W. H. Biggar, T. Thomson, G. C. Biggar, R. Mussen, J. Jenkins, J. Ingils. While representing the Niagara club were F. W. Best, J. Wilson, W. J. Bishop and W. Lansing. With the exception of a few who remained for the hop, the Saturday evening trains and steamers carried off to their respective homes the participants in the late excitement.

Miss Evelyne Hilliard of Buffalo gave a most delightful recital in the ball-room of the Queen's last Thursday evening. Owing to Miss Hilliard's good natured surrender of the ball-room to the bowlers who were anxious to hold their annual meeting there, the programme was not begun until nine instead of eight o'clock as announced, and even then the bowlers, who had been unable to transact their business within the limited time were obliged to resign the room to the impatient audience gathered in the drawing rooms, and wandering singly and around the veranda, and fifty or sixty men unwillingly filed out through the dining-room, down the gravel sweep and across to the pavilion where the business of the association was concluded. Miss Hilliard, a tall, aristocratic looking blonde, who looked remarkably handsome in a costume of violet and white silk, commenced with white lace prettily caught here and there with bunches of purple violets, was assisted during the evening by Miss Tilsden of Buffalo, whose beautiful voice more than charmed her audience, and Miss Wilkinson of Fort Niagara, who opened the programme with a brilliantly executed piano solo. Among those present I noticed Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. P. Ball, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Coulson, Mrs. F. M. Morson, Misses Simeon Geale, Miss Winnie Kingsmill, Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. C. Milloy, Mrs. G. Foy, Mrs. J. Foy, Miss F. Smith, Miss Barker, Miss A. Boulton, Miss Reine Neuvex.

Miss Donavan of Baltimore, at present a guest of friends at Fort Niagara, who was also to have assisted Miss Hilliard, was unavoidably absent, greatly to the disappointment of those who had gone hoping to hear a voice which rumor has pronounced glorious.

The Chautauqua people held their Wednesday I noticed the following: Mr. Loveridge, Lieut. and Mrs. Heasiland, the Misses Donavan, Lieut. and Mrs. Irvine, Mr. Squires, Miss Sherry, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. and the Misses Bernard, Mr. F. and Miss Winnie Smith, Capt., Mr. and Miss Milloy, Miss Dixon, the Misses Buffard, the Misses Blake, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Miss M. Geale, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Foy, Mr. Herbert Syer, Mrs. Webster, Miss Toller, Mr. Coulson and a party from St. Catharines among whom were Mrs. Yug, Mrs. Helliwell, Mr. F. Helliwell, Miss Mack, Mr. and Miss Bate, Mr. Fuller, the Misses Fenton and Miss Larkin. A

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.
Hops Every Saturday Evening
During the Season
McGaw & Winnett
PROPRIETORS

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In all the newest shades.
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A new line in P. D. Corsets. We recommend these to our customers as the finest corset on the market. They are perfect in cut and easy to wear, and give the figure a beautiful shape.
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People contemplating the purchase of even a good upright piano should not fail to first see this beautiful small grand.
Such exquisite tone-quality, coupled with such power, will be found in no other pianos.
We want to make this piano the favorite in Toronto that it now is in the cultivated centers of New York, San Francisco, Rio Janiero and elsewhere.
To introduce it first buyers will get bargains. Sole agents for Ontario.
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Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

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HOUSEKEEPERS
TRY OUR
Cockroach Powder
ALL DEAD IN SEVEN MINUTES
Is what our customers say.
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JOHN T. TOWERS, Master,
Leaves Hamilton 10 a.m., Toronto 4 p.m., every Saturday for Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal. Fare from Hamilton, $8; return, $15. Fare from Toronto, $7 50; return, $14. For freight or passage apply to W. A. GEDDES, 60 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Geddes' Wharf.

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The most popular cooking utensil ever placed on the market. Especially useful for cooking all descriptions of Broths and Custards.
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5 Quires and 100 Envelopes (Boxes) $1.00
JAMES BAIN & SON : Fine Stationers
TORONTO

Between You and Me.

I SAW in an exchange this week a rather merciless article inveighling against nervous women, and, though I protested against its hard words, I suppose some of it must be true. There are such things as honestly nervous women, whose number increases day by day in this hurrying age of the world, and the strictures which would be very becoming when applied to the Lady Blowsabellas of the age of affectation which some antiquated novels recall to our recollection are only an aggravation of their infirmity to the busy brain workers, or anxious money savers who walk abroad in petticoats, where they used to loll on divans in "robes." I am honestly sympathetic and sorry for the over worked or over worried when they fall into hysteria and divers kinds of weaknesses akin thereto, and my every nerve thrills in unison with those of the female who is scared of lightning, but there are doubtless women, to whom the dissipation of a nervous attack is a kind of delightsome spree to be indulged in of malice aforethought, to spite an over indulgent husband, to spoil a rival's party, or to attract attention which might otherwise stray elsewhere, and for such the water hose and other heroic treatment is advised.

•

"What books shall I read this summer?" asked my pretty voyageure, as she arranged her traps for travel. I hesitated a moment, pausing because of my conscience and her necessity. I knew what I should advise her to con, but I did not dare to, they sounded so unjoyous and unlike a holiday. And yielding to my lower sense I named over several light amusing novels, chatty books of travels and characteristic sketches. And she got them and has probably read them, and they have gone in one ear and out the other, leaving a vacuum, just as have the compliments and the pretty speeches of her seaside escort. And she might have now been hugging some golden nugget of wisdom from Ruskin or Carlyle or some other fashionable deep thinker had I only done my duty! Ah, I think it is lovely that, as Nelson put it on record, it is *men* to whom England looks to fill that important and well nigh impossible bill! Because, probably, he and England knew that women's duties are never "done!"

•

Talking of seaside escorts, reminds me that among all the jokes and articles about the summer girl, one never or scarcely ever comes across that equally evanescent creature, the summer man. And yet, who doesn't known him? I ran against him this week on Yonge and King, many a dozen times. One of him was something too immaculate in white yachting suit, with the creases fresh and not a blur upon its creamy surface, his natty blue cap set at a nautical angle, and his complexion brown and wholesome, browner than ordinary on account of his snowy raiment. Another of him was in a very undress looking silk striped shirt with a Gordon sash and tennis shoes and the inevitable white flannel continuations with a rather faded sailor hat and very rubicund visage and he had "Muskoka" written on him as plain as print. These were honest summer men—but there is a hothouse-grown article which flourishes at seaside resorts and swell mountain houses, which resembles the true quill, as the mist resembles the rain. He is too natty, too "well-completed," too fond of women and their ways and though gorgeous in his attire and lordly in his speech he subsides when his butterfly existence is over, into very small potatoes indeed.

•

There is a summer man who, in my younger days, used to afford me a great deal of quiet amusement, and with whom I had often a really enjoyable talk. He was a hotel waiter (please don't be shocked!) who had chosen to follow this humble occupation during the summer holidays for reasons best known to his impecunious self. In fall and winter and spring he was a collegian, and rather well up in "isms" and "ics," and one could be sure of meeting him at balls and parties in the city of his *Alma Mater*, not as a waiter, but as an extremely spry and well appreciated guest. With young America nothing is impossible, and I have grateful recollections of rows on the St. Lawrence, tete-a-tete chafs on the rose-lighted hotel piazza, and good earnest arguments and very instructive talks with the youth in blazer and flannels, who next morning pulled out my chair for breakfast, brought me cold porridge and slightly "gone" melon and antediluvian beefsteak, and remarked quite coolly: "Shall I row you out this evening?" I studied his idiosyncracies with the greatest interest, and applauded the nerve that could placidly wear a dress suit at breakfast time, and row the lady guests of the hotel over the romantic waters of the island dotted St. Lawrence in the evening. He was not a unit. There were sixty of him in those two great hotels at Alexandria Bay, and he was to me a new and amusing species of the "summer man."

•

During the hot days (though really the thermometer has been very reasonable this summer) many city workers, men and women, find it too wearing to take a long ride or walk home in the noon-tide for lunch, and you see them dropping in under protest at the various restaurants of the city, good, bad and indifferent. Just for fun I have made a round of these restaurants, and if variety be the spice of life, I am an animated spicebox! I have eaten of fare that was tempting and well served, but the lunch room was so dark and airless that I thought, "better a dinner of buns on a sunny, breezy hillside, than so much French cookery in the dimness of suffocation." And I have elsewhere partaken of cold vegetable soup and boiled tea, and overdone beef and salmon (everything is overdone in this particular restaurant, except the cauliflowers), where the company is strangely mixed, and the primmest city official rubs elbows with Mrs. Greenbeans from the vegetable market, and Lady Gay sits *vis a vis* to a person from Kaintuck, who shovels food up with the article usually devoted to separating edibles into convenient portions; where goodwill is everywhere and impertinence unknown, and your bill so small that you haven't the heart to mention the above shortcomings. And I have dined royally at our best known caterers and waited till I was savage, for notice at our old stand-by down street, where things are very good—when you get them—but where I am seriously thinking of donning a divided skirt to see if that will not hurry up the waiters in serving me with sustenance when time is short and work is waiting; and I have gone boldly to the lunch counter and "toted" my own lunch thence to the tables along the wall, and eaten it, as well as I could for laughing at the men who gobble up pie and all sorts of things they turn up their noses at at home. And it has all been very amusing.

. . . . . .

It rained! LADY GAY.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

In the Orchard.

For Saturday Night.

The light wind whispers and passes,
The trees are swinging and swaying,
Rocking the nestling robins a lullaby to and fro,
The bees are lazily droning
Their languor soft intoning,
There is a murmurous sound in the grasses;
A humming bird flashes, singing
His way from thistles to clover,
His beak with honey drips over,
An oriole swings on the bending twig, and the while cloud's come and go.

From the bushes the red of the berry
And the clustering currant are gleaming
White and purple and crimson as the ruby red of the wine,
A song from the black bird gushes,
The cheek of the crab apple flushes,
The woodpecker steals a cherry,
The light comes fitfully streaming
Over the plums green cluster,
Over the pears soft lustre,
Over the apples that wait like lives for the autumn's ripening sign.

The air is balmy delicious,
The sky like a southern ocean,
I drowsily swing in my hammock, forgetting that care can be,
The sound of the reapers loud humming,
Through the rustle of corn leaves is coming
The shadows of life seem fretitious
In this music and murmur and motion,
Delirious dreaming carouses,
My Pegasus wearily browses,
On the margin of days that the summer bears to the past eternal sea.

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An Unintentional Hair Cut;
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Pure Linen Aprons, plain, 15c.
Pure Linen Aprons, checks, 15c.
Pure Linen Aprons, Torchon Lace, 15c.
Pure Linen Aprons, big ones, 20c.
Pure Linen Aprons, fancy colored border, 30c.
Large Cooking Aprons, pure linen, 30c

Good sensible every day aprons, everyone of them, and a pretty white lawn apron to wear, when the hurry of the day is over, for 50c. Aprons trimmed with handsome embroideries, 35c., 40c., 45c., 60c.

For a short time blouses will move through the propelling power of decidedly clearing prices.

A pretty Print Blouse, 40c.
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A well fitting Black Sateen Blouse, $1 50.
A China Silk Blouse, pretty as a picture, $2 25.

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Artistic Dressmaking
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Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

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OUR SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSET, a perfect substitute for Plaster Jackets. Correspondence solicited.

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BARBOUR'S
LINEN THREADS

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Sold by All Dealers

It Seemed to Hit.

A boy sat on a bench Saturday afternoon reading a novel, while his boot-blacking outfit furnished a rest for his feet. By and by a severe looking man who was strolling about noticed him and halted to ask:

"Boy, are you reading a novel?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so! Getting yourself ready to enter upon a career of crime?"

"No, sir."

"Some trashy detective yarn, then?"

"No, sir."

"Then, there's a boy in it who runs away from home and perform heroic deeds."

"No, sir."

"But that will be the inevitable result. It's an Indian story, I suppose."

"It's about a bootblack right in this town. He got his first start in life by a gentleman coming up to him in this very park and giving him 50 cents to blacken his shoes!"

"Ah—um! Man was a fool!" growled the philanthropist as he trotted along and left the lad to take the broad and narrow path to the gallows.

A Serious Omission.

Low Church—I hear you are quite ritualistic at your church—have confession, penance and all that sort of thing.

High Church—Yes, have everything—surpliced, choir, candles, confession, all the high jinks; do everything except burn insect-powder.

Not so Slow.

The American had just told the Englishman a joke. The latter did not laugh. "I suppose," said the American caustically, "that you will see the point of that joke about day after to-morrow and laugh then?" "My dear boy," drawled the Englishman, I saw the point of that joke and laughed at it four years ago when I was in India."

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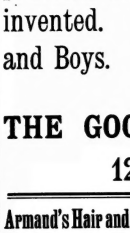

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Of all kinds for fashion, convenience, protection from cold in the head, or necessity, constantly on hand or made to order. Frontpieces and Waves of new styles, Toupees and Wigs for ladies and gentlemen.
SWITCHES
All long hair, in separate branches, in great variety.
Ladies and Children's Hairdressing, Trimming and Shampooing, Hairdressing for Balls, Concerts, Weddings, Photos, etc.
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Select stock of fine Hair Ornaments. Large assortment of fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles for ladies and gentlemen.
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Is the Leading House for Fashionable
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Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
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REMEDIES
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured in cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the women's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhœa
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Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Disease
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Disease
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
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STANDARD DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

DENSOLINE
(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT
- USE -
Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
Cold Cream Densoline for the Complexion
Densoline Toilet Soap, made from Pure Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections
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Professor Wanklyn, the greatest living authority on water, states:
"I have analyzed the Godes-Berg er water, and find that "it is EXQUISITELY PURE. Its saline ingredients are "normal—just those required to form AN IDEAL TABLE "WATER. (Signed) "J. ALFRED WANKLYN."

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A NEW SONG
FOR BARITONE
"A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I Will Die"
Words and Music by S. T. CHURCH
PRICE 40 CENTS—A REALLY GOOD SONG
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association
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EARLY BUYERS
Will do well to see that range of
STANLEY TWEEDS
They are cheap beyond comparison; they are just the thing for Fall and Winter wear, and we now have fifty varieties to choose from.
DON'T COME TOO LATE
Five cases of Jackets just opened, fresh and choice. Chiffon in all shades and kinds will be in demand this fall, and we have them all.
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

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CHAPTER XX.

JIM DOORE'S STORY.

Jim Doore cleared his throat once or twice and settled himself down to his task with the air of a man who knows that he has a good tale to tell and intends telling it well. His listeners, notwithstanding that they all save one knew quite as much as he did about it all, and had heard it told, and told it themselves and discussed it many a time, drew their chairs round in a half circle and manifested the liveliest signs of interest. Those who were smoking filled their pipes and assumed that air of stolid calm with which a confirmed smoker usually settles himself down to listen to an interesting narration; the others leaned forward in their chairs and drew them a little closer to the speaker, or stretched themselves out with their hands deep down in their trowsers' pockets, a slight smile of expectancy hovering upon their lips. The fire-light leaping and falling around the pile of logs which had just been thrown on cast a pleasant glow upon their weather-tanned, homely faces; altogether it was a scene which on canvas would have formed a striking picture.

There were two figures in the background—the stranger and Jim Doore's wife. The former, notwithstanding his grotesque attire, which fell in strange lines about his slim, graceful figure, looked every inch an aristocrat, and a handsome one. He was leaning very far back in an ancient but comfortable easy chair with a fragrant cigar held between two very white fingers, from which the blue smoke was curling upwards in a long straight line. His thin lips were slightly parted in an amused smile, and his clear blue eyes were wandering round the little scene as though keenly appreciating the oddity of his situation; and yet beneath it all there was a melancholy cast about his countenance which it seemed impossible to trace to any one feature, and yet which was certainly there. As a portion of the background to the picture he was distinctly striking.

Not less so was Mrs. Doore, though her appearance was scarcely so picturesque. She was sitting some little distance behind the circle, in a corner where neither the fire-light nor the lamp-light penetrated, so that her face was in the shadow. Upon her lap was a piece of needlework, to which she was paying no attention whatever, for both her hands had closed upon it, while she was leaning forward like the others towards her husband, her dark eyes glowing as the occasional gleams of fire-light fell upon them. Perhaps a casual observer glancing around, and noticing her twitching fingers and wrapt silence, would have came to the conclusion that she was the person who was waiting for Jim Doore's story with the greatest interest. But as she must have heard it many times, it would seem scarcely probable.

The preliminary silence had lasted quite long enough. Recognizing that fact, by several faint signs of impatience on the part of his audience, Jim Doore cleared his throat once or twice, and commenced:

"You must know, first of all," he said, addressing the stranger, "that you castle is called C'lanavon Castle, and belongs, at least ways, it belonged to the Earl of Clanavon. You've heard of him noa doubt, sir?"

The stranger nodded. "I have heard of him," he said, quietly.

"Well, he wur a great man in Lunnon, and they do say he wur always up there at work on something or other. He looked almost like that."

"He used to come down here sometimes, then," interrupted the stranger for whose benefit—ostensibly—the story, was being told.

"That's just what I was going to tell 'ee. Though he was one of the hardest-worked men in Lunnon, and was a Parliament man, and wrote books, and a' that, every two or three months he used to come down here for a few days, sometimes a week, for a sort o' rest. In t'summer he,d coom in a steam yacht, but anyways, however he coom, it was always unexpected like. He never let un know a foorhand. There be one room in the south tower which he used to use, and it was allus kept ready for him, summer and winter, and all times. It be that room," Jim added, dropping his voice a little, "in which you see'd the light burning."

"Then who uses it now?" the stranger asked. There was a low chorus of mysterious ejaculations. Jim shook his head in a mysterious manner, and crossed himself.

"I'll tell 'ee all as is know'd, sur," he said. "When the earl wur here, night arter night we used to see that light burning till daybreak, while he sat a working with his papers and such like. Just about at daybreak it used to disappear, and then we knew that he'd gone to bed. He used to sleep till about middle day, and then he'd come out shooting amongst the rocks or sailing a little skiff in the bay, or mayhap fishing till evening again. He used to enjoy himself quite simple like, allus alone; but he used always to look a powerful sight better after a few days here."

"Was he always alone here then!" the stranger asked.

"Allus. There's never been no visitor to the castle in our time. You see it beasn't kept up for a company place like. It be all in ruin, except a room or two. Well, it was about—about how long ago wur it, missus?" he asked turning to his missus.

"About six months," she said quietly.

"Ah, about six months it wur," Jim continued. "About six months ago, me and the mates got back from a spell o' fishing, and we see the light in the Earl's room, very bright and powerful it wur. Well, of coors, we all thought that the Earl had coom down for a spell, and in the morning me and Bill Foulds there we ups and goes to the castle to see if any fish was wanted. There be only two on 'em up there to look arter the place like, Mrs. Smith, a decent old body she is, and her brother, old Joe Craggs, who's but a poor half witted loon. We went round to the bit o' entrance at the back, and straight into the kitchen. Mrs. Smith was not there, and at ev waiting about a bit, we goes into her room, and there she wur sobbing, and going on awful. I thought in coors as 'ow the Earl had come unexpected like, and found her unprepared, and had been a giving it to 'er. So I sax: "What's oop, Martha?" 'As he been a going on about summat?" "Has who bin going on?" she says, a looking up surprised like. "Why, the earl," says I. "We see'd as he was back, by the light in the south tower last night." "There wasn't no light," says she, a shaking all over, and clopping 'er hand to a side. "Oh, but there wor," said I, "Bill and me, and everyone on us, we all saw'd it as bright as ever could be. When did he coom?" Then she says never another word, but after locking at me for a minute in a way as maker me shiver to think on, she just falls back dead, and goes off into one o' them thei faints. Lor, wot a job me and Bill 'ad wi' 'er, didn't us, Bill?"

The gentleman appealed to withdrew his pipe from his mouth and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"A' reckon we did, Jim," he assented vigorously.

"Well, arter a undoin' of 'er, and pouring pails full of cold water over 'er, and burning feathers out o' t'old cock's tail to burn under 'er nose, and such like means, we got 'er round, but very weak and dazed she seemed even then. Of coors, directly she could speak we asks 'er wot was up.

"'T'master,' she says, 'master!' 'Well,' says I, 'wot about 'im?' 'He's dead,' she whispered. 'Dead!' cried both on us. 'Why a war 'ere last night, surely. Dead!'

"'Ay, murdered!' she whispered in an awful tone like.

"'Wheer?' asks Bill, reg-lar skeered.

"'In Lunnon,' she says, 'day afore yesterday.'

"I couldna seem to believe it, hearing it so sidden, and I war all dazed, like.

"'But t'lolight last nolght,' I said to 'er.

"She pointed to the key which hung upon the wall, and a sort o' cold chill ran through me when I sees it, for there was cobwebs all round and on it.

"'That key,' she says, 'ain't been moved from that nail for nigh on two months. It war t'master's orders when he war 'ere last time, that the room war not to be touched till he coom again.'

"'But we all see'd t'lolight,' I says, 'me and Bill, an' all on 'em.'

"She war white to the very lips, and her voice war all o' a tremble.

"'No one a been in t'room. If the lolight were theer, God help us all! T'war no earthly hand as lit it.'

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD ALCESTON IS PUZZLED.

There was a short silence amongst the little group. The stranger alone was looking more thoughtful than impressed.

"The light has been seen often since then?" he asked after a few minutes' meditation.

"Ay, moast nolghts!"

"And are you sure that there is no other entrance into the room save by the door of which you saw the key?"

"Nos; there beant no other way in."

"Mrs.—what did you say her name was—the housekeeper. She couldn't have anything to do with it, or her brother."

"We a'seen it when both on 'um a been doon 'ere wi' us."

"It's a strange thing," the young man remarked thoughtfully. "I wonder whether it's alight now?"

He moved towards the door, and they all trooped after him. Jim Doore, stepping in front of his guest, lifted the rude wooden latch, and a gust of wind came howling in extinguishing the lamp which he carried in his hand, and causing the few prints and texts which hung about to rattle against the wall. Bill Foulds, followed by one of the party turned back to the fireside with a muttered anathema against the folly of exposing their comfortably-warmed selves to the fury of such a tempest until their time came to go, but Jim Doore and his guest stepped outside, closing the door after them, and stood for a moment with the rain beating in their faces, and the gale shrieking about their ears, gazing at the huge black outline of the ruined castle high up above them. There was no mistake about the lights—one faint and glimmering, low down on the inland side, Jim pointed out as coming from Martha's room; the other high up in the tower, right on the verge of the cliff, was burning with a steady, brilliant light, and was even casting a long livid reflection on the bleak, angry sea below. They looked at them steadily for a minute. Then Jim Doore, who was holding the door fast in his hand, pushed it a little way open, and followed by his companion returned to the cottage.

They moved their chairs and made room for him by the fire, and he stood there warming himself after the brief exposure to the storm, with the dancing firelight lighting up his thoughtful countenance. They looked at him curiously, wondering what he would say now about their mysterious light, and wondering, too, as they had been all along, who he was, and why he had come to this out-of-the-way corner of the world. And there was one amongst their number, a woman, who sat where she had been sitting all the evening, unnoticed and almost unseen, whose dark eyes never once left his face, and from whose cheeks every vestige of color had fled at his coming. She, too, was wondering and dreading.

"As ta seen t'lolight, Jim?" Foulds inquired, removing his pipe from his mouth out of deference to the stranger, for it was not his custom when speaking.

The young man started somewhat, as though the question had broken in upon some train of thought.

"Yes, it's there, right enough," he answered. "If it wasn't such a wild night I should feel tempted to go straight away into that room and solve the mystery. But since it has puzzled you all so long, it may as well do so for one day longer. To-morrow night I will see into it."

There was a stir amongst the little group.

"Do a think that Mrs. Smith 'll let a go into the room?" Jim Doore asked doubtfully. "There's never no servants allowed in Mrs. Smith's walls. "God A'mighty," he exclaimed suddenly, springing to his feet and standing with his eyes fastened upon the stranger's. "Look at 'ee."

"What's the matter, Jim?" cried his partner, also rising to his feet and following Jim's shaking finger, which was pointed straight at the tall young man, who stood calmly before the fire.

"Look at 'ee, I tell 'a," repeated Jim. "'Tis, t' Earl's own face"

Every eye was fixed upon the stranger, and suddenly everyone became conscious of the resemblance, everyone that is to say except Mrs. Doore, who had possibly known all about it before, for she never moved a muscle of her face.

"As I don't wonder you to think on a ghost," the young man said smiling slightly, "perhaps I had better tell you that I am Lord Alcestbn—Earl of Harrowlean, now. I am sorry to say."

"T'Earl's son," gasped Jim Doore.

"Exactly."

There was an awestruck silence which Lord Clanavon broke.

"I can assure you, you're no need to look so frightened," he said pleasantly. "You've all been very kind to me, and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you all."

This speech had the effect of setting them all a little more at their ease, but the impossibility of sitting down in the same room with an earl was manifest to all of them. With every deference and clumsy but respectful obeisance they dwindled away one by one, while Jim Doore stood by locking helplessly from his wife to his distinguished guest.

"Coom, coom, Doore; there's nothing to be fr ghtened about," Lord Alceston said, smiling, when the last of them had departed. "I'm sure you will been very kind to me, I might have been up on the cliff now if it hadn't been for you. Look at your wife, now; she's a sensible woman. She doesn't look a bit disturbed. Well, if you won't sit down again—for Jim had rigorously declined the chair which his lordship had kicked towards him—show me where I'm to shake down for the night, and I'll go to bed."

Mrs. Doore silently took up a candle and opened the inner door, revealing another apartment beyond.

"This way, my Lord," she said quietly. "I've done my best to make things comfortable, but I'm afraid you'll find it rather rough."

Lord Alceston followed her into the tiny apartment, which, small though it was, was spotlessly clean and neat.

"Nothing could be nicer," he declared. "Good night, Mrs. Doore! 'Pon my word," he added to himself, looking round approvingly, "that's a very superior woman."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

Mrs. Doore doubtless was a very superior woman, for it was quite evident that she had learned one hard lesson for the uneducated to acquire—to conceal her feelings. Directly the latch was securely drawn, the distinguished visitor safe in his room, a remarkable change took place in her appearance. The unnatural calm was gone. She sunk into a low chair opposite her husband, her rigid features working with emotion, and her trembling hands stretched wildly out.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, what shall I do?"

He looked at her a little astonished. As far as he was concerned he was beginning to feel very much more at ease—in fact his momentary alarm was fast diminishing away, and being succeeded by a sort of vague elation. After all the affair was more likely to turn out to his advantage than the reverse. The events of the evening passed slowly before him while he had been waiting for his wife's reappearance, and on the whole the result was satisfactory. He had neither done nor said anything that would be likely to give offence to the young E:rl, although a cold shiver passed through his frame when he reflected how many dangers he had unwittingly avoided. In a hundred different ways he or his wife, or his partner, or one of the little community, might have given offence, and though he taxed his memory to the uttermost he could not remember a single word which any of them had spoken which had been better left unspoken. They had rescued the young lord from what was undoubtedly a most dangerous situation, and they had treated him all the time with the sturdy north country hospitality wh:ch was one of their chief characteristics. When his wife had joined him he had been quite prepared for some mutual congratulations; and now she had come out white as a ghost, and trembling in every limb. Jim scratched his head in wonderment.

"What be amiss, lass?" he inquired.

She leaned forward and stared at him wildly, as though she had not heard his words. Jim began to feel thoroughly uncomfortable.

"There beant nothing wrong lass, surely?" he said.

"Let me be a few minutes, Jim," she moaned. "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

He lit a pipe as the only possible consolation which lay in his power. It was the best thing he could have done. Presently she rose, and walked softly up and down the room, her husband following her movements with his eyes, but maintaining an unbroken silence.

"Jim," she said, suddenly, stopping in front of him, "I've been a good wife to you."

He looked up at her, and was startled at the change in her face. Usually a healthy-looking woman, the ruddy brown with which sea air and sun had tanned her cheeks had fled altogether, leaving them ghastly pale, and her dark eyes were literally blazing with some excitement.

He nodded slowly. "A 'hast, lass; I've now to ask you agen thac."

"Then ask me no questions to-night. Reward me by trusting me now. I must go out—and alone!"

"Go 'oot—aloan!"

"Yes, Jim; up to the Castle!"

He held up his fingers. "Listen to t'wind," he said; "the storm has nae blown outself out yet."

"Storm or no storm, I must go," she cried, passionately. "I must see master."

The thing suddenly became clear to him. His wife evidently feared that in some way her mother had disobeyed, or was disobeying, orders up at the Castle, and wished to warn her of her master's forthcoming visit. "Had it anything to do with the mysterious light in the south tower," he wondered.

"Let oi take a message," he said. "It's no noight for a to go."

"I must be my own messenger," she cried. "Oh, Jim, for God's sake, let me go! Let me go!"

She had sunk on her knees before him, and was clasping his knees. Jim thought a more of exercising his marital authority.

"A' shall go, lass. A' shall go," he cried. "Tey thy 'eas! A' shall go! Coom, and a'll get 'ee the lantern."

She rose to her feet with a sigh of relief, and fetched her hat and cloak. Her husband opened the door and handed her the lantern. He did not feel quite at his ease about this midnight expedition.

"Let a coom wi yes, lass, to t'gate. A'll coom no fearther. I doan't like thee going aloan."

"Not a step, Jim," she cried. "I'll not be long."

She vanished into the darkness, and Jim, after keeping the door open for a minute or two, and gazing after her undeadily, stepped back into the room, shaking her head.

"I doan't like it," he muttered, taking down his pipe, "but she mun ha'e her way. She be a woman, and she mun ha'e her way."

Which showed that Jim, rustic though he was, had some claims towards being considered a village philosopher.

(To be Continued.)

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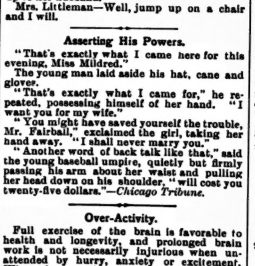

Mr. Littleman—Maria, a wife ought to look up to her husband.

Mrs. Littleman—Well, jump up on a chair and I will.

Asserting His Powers.

"That's exactly what I came here for this evening, Miss Mildred."

The young man laid aside his hat, cane and gloves.

"That's exactly what I came for," he repeated, possessing himself of her hand. "I want you for my wife."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble, Mr. Fairball," exclaimed the girl, taking her hand away. "I shall never marry you."

"Another word of back talk like that," said the young baseball umpire, quietly but firmly passing his arm about her waist and pulling her head down on his shoulder, "will cost you twenty-five dollars."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Over-Activity.

Full exercise of the brain is favorable to health and longevity, and prolonged brain work is not necessarily injurious when unattended by hurry, anxiety or excitement. Where the nerve-force is limited, the effect of over-activity is dangerous, but in the young and strong it is not injurious. There are certain occupations which are very wearing, such as bank-tellers and locomotive engineers. Then the speculator often becomes a wreck through the tension on his nerves; also the politician. Take a bookkeeper using one part of the brain day after day, dealing with nothing but figures year after year; he becomes tired, listless, and, after a while, incapable of work. Give him a vacation or trip to the mountains, and he quickly recovers; in fact, the other brain-cells are called into use. American business men, as they grow older, do not reduce the nervous expenditure to correspond with its natural decline. Business and domestic troubles wear upon the nerves. Cramming in schools is very bad in its results. The brain of the child suffering from over study robs the blood of elements provided for the growth of the body. As a result the child is stunted, although the parents may have been fine animals.

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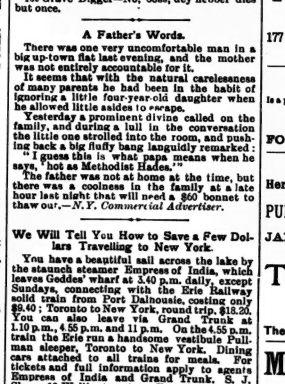

The Prince of Denmark—Digging a grave, eh! Do people die often in this village?

The Grave Digger—No, boss, dey nebber dies but once.

A Father's Words.

There was one very uncomfortable man in a big up-town flat last evening, and the mother was not much more comfortable for it.

It seems that with the natural carelessness of many parents he had been in the habit of ignoring a little four-year-old daughter when he allowed little asides to escape.

Yesterday a prominent divine called on the family, and during a lull in the conversation the little one strolled into the room, and pushing back a big fluffy bang languidly remarked:

"I guess this is what papa means when he says, 'hot as Methodist Hades.'"

The father was not at home at the time, but there was a coolness in the family at a late hour last night that will need a $60 bonnet to thaw out.—*N.Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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Christopher and the Fairy.

Centerpole Tom professed to know everything about all the distinguished people of the "profession" in all parts of Christendom, and likely he did know a great deal; for, in his humble capacity, he had served many of them in divers countries, and, though a boastful man, he had never been detected in an inability to give trustworthy information. So, when it was announced, with a great show of large type, that "Christopher and the Fairy" had just landed at San Francisco from an Australian steamer, under contract for the remainder of the season, there was much excitement and curiosity among the people of the circus, and Centerpole Tom was at once pledged for knowledge concerning them.

"Hain't you ever heard of Christopher and the Fairy?" he asked, pityingly; "well, that gits me. The Fairy's the purtiest little trick on wheels, an' the way she kin do the flying trapeze is something stonishing. No, I hain't never seen her, but I know all about her. A fellow worked for me last season that seen her at Melbourne, and he told me a whole string of stuff about her. Every man jack under the canvas went dead gone on her, but she never took no notice of any of 'em, and didn't seem to care for nobody's society but the women's and that ornery, measly old Christopher."

"Is Christopher her husbun?" asked a long-legged young groom.

"No!" thundered Tom, with so great vehemence that the young man quailed, and dared not ask any more questions.

"Brother?" inquired one of the ring "supers."

"No!" yelled the veteran master of the centerpole hoist; "he ain't her husbun, nor her brother, nor her uncle, nor her grandfather, nor her cousin."

The head hostler, as much a veteran as Centerpole Tom, and more modest and less theatrical than the latter, quietly said:

"No use making a fool of yourself and putting on airs before these here boys. I don't know who Christopher is, an' I ain't ashamed to say so. Now, who is Caristopher?"

This was the supreme moment for which Centerpole Tom had waited. He squared himself around, and, looking steadily at the head hostler, said impressively and with the utmost deliberation:

"Christopher is an elephant."

It was a small speech, but it was some time after this before the two men became good friends again.

There was a commotion all through the small army of circus people when Christopher and the Fairy arrived. They did not come to the tents for two or three days after landing, as it was rumoured that Christopher had been seasick on the voyage across the Pacific and needed a little rest. When they did appear, however, they were cordially welcomed. The women of the circus found the Fairy (who, in private life, was known as Miss Camilla Armijo) to be a delightful girl, more substantial that a genuine fairy, to be sure, but hardly more so; for, although she was full-grown, she was so small and fragile that her professional name sat well upon her. There was a light touch of sadness in all her conduct, and Centerpole Tom explained this by saying that she had recently lost both her parents. How he discovered this nobody could ever learn. But it was clear at least, that she was a very sweet and gentle little body, very young, and with no friend in San Francisco except old Christopher.

I say "old Christopher" because it is impossible to associate anything but great age with his enormous proportions and overwhelming dignity. He was an East Indian elephant, of prodigious size. A more solemn and self-satisfied elephant it would have been impossible to find.

After the Fairy had been introduced to the people with whom she was to be associated the remainder of the season, and had chatted and quietly laughed with them a little, she turned to the menagerie tent and said:

"Now we will show Christopher his quarters." And, by the dignified flapping of his great ears, Christopher seemed to add: "Yes; we are prepared now to see what you can do for old Christopher."

In fact, while they were about it, and all feeling a certain interest in the little stranger and her big companion, the whole company—the two clowns, the man who turned the double back somersaults, the strong man, the woman who wore a yellow wig when she rode bareback, the two men who did the great act on the horizontal bar, and some others, including Centerpole Tom and the surly head-man of the hostlers—went to show how Christopher was going to be disposed of. That was a simple affair; the great pachyderm was conducted to his allotted place in the menagerie tent, where an iron pin was driven into the ground and a chain, which was rivetted to his, was locked around one of his legs. The pin and the chain were part of his belongings, and he was accustomed to be chained up thus and made no objection. Evidently he suffered no loss of dignity by this operation, for he appeared to say to himself: "This is perfectly proper, I am sure; for it is the rule of all circuses to keep the animals in some sort of confinement, and, although it accomplishes no useful purpose in my case, I believe in discipline and cheerfully submit to the rules."

It was very pretty to see how solicitous was the Fairy of her immense charge. She saw that he had a sufficient allowance of fresh, sweet hay, and, from a bag which she carried, she fed him some dainties which she had for that purpose and which he took in his little trunk with manifest tokens of gratitude. She patted his great jaws and said kinds things to him, and he took it all as a matter of course, seeming to say, "I see nothing at all strange in the affection and solicitude which this beautiful little Fairy lavishes upon me; for am I not a very large and majestic elephant? She does she not know that I love her better than does any one else in all the world?" And it was pretty to see how gently she bade him good-bye until the evening performance, which would begin in two hours from that time.

There was a far greater crowd than usual at the performance that evening, for the flaming public announcements of Christopher and the Fairy had borne profitable fruit. Not only were the seats packed all the way up to the eaves, but rows of extra seats had been provided on the level ground facing the ring. Several acts were done before the manager announced the new performers, which he did in the following graceful manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I now have the pleasure to introduce to you the most celebrated performers of her majesty's Australian colonies—Christopher and the Fairy. You will see for yourselves that Christopher is the largest and most powerful elephant in captivity, and that the Fairy justly deserves her reputation for being the most graceful and daring flying trapeze performer in the world. The performances of these two renowned individuals will consist in ground acts in which they both take part, followed by the flying trapeze act done by the Fairy alone, Christopher meanwhile standing below and looking on, at the same time giving signals to the Fairy and otherwise encouraging her in her daring and perilous performance high in the air."

When he had finished, the elephant came slowly walking out, and thereupon rose a mighty shout of applause and a great clapping of hands. Sitting on the massive shoulders of the enormous brute was the Fairy, glittering with spangles. She was so small, and fragile, and dainty, and Christopher was so overwhelming and majestic and stern, that the strange picture caught the audience with sweeping force and the applause became deafening. Christopher calmly marched into the ring and proceeded immediately around it, the Fairy meanwhile guiding him with hand-pressure on one side of his neck or the other, while with the other hand she threw kisses at the audience. Her bare, dimpled arms and smiling dimpled cheeks, her rosy mouth, her large black eyes, and curling black hair in which diamonds shone, won every heart for her in that immense crowd; for so much sweetness and grace and daintiness they had never seen all at once in a circus-ring before.

The circuit of the ring completed, the elephant stopped and listened gravely to the dirty jokes of the clown. He had heard them before and was not to be amused. The Fairy bounded to her feet on the great animal's back, and there found room for some entertaining tricks of agility. Then she gave him a tap with her slippered little foot, and, in response, he brought his long trunk around, caught her by the waist and set her gently on the ground. This made the audience applaud until the Fairy was almost deaf. Other things, some old and some new, were done by the two, such as his walking over her, stepping ever so carefully, as she lay on the ground; recovering her handkerchief from the clown, who had stolen it and hidden it in his blouse; throwing her high in the air and steeping forward in time to have her alight nimbly on his back; and things like that. Then came her act on the flying trapeze.

To prepare for this the clown fetched her a flag, which she gave to Christopher to hold in his trunk. Then the clown threw a tape over a trapeze hung high in the air, and, with a fluttering caresses and whispered words to Christopher, she sprang to the tape and climbed it like a squirrel. She sat a moment on the trapeze-bar and then glanced down at Christopher, who, sitting back on his haunches the better to look so high, was gravely watching her. The band had stopped playing. A clear, musical voice from above, dropping like pearls on the people below, called out:

"How was that, Christopher?"

The elephant waved the flag and gravely nodded his approval.

Then came the real work of the act—all sorts of agile turnings and graceful leaps from the main bar to one hung higher still; and after every one of these feats, each more daring than its predecessor, she would call down in her musical, pearly voice:

"Was that all right, Christopher?"

And Christopher would wave the flag and solemnly nod his approval, as much as to say: "Of course it was all right; but we expect that from you, little Fairy!"

Finally came her greatest feat—it was to leap clear across the ring from one trapeze to another. She rested awhile before undertaking it, and Christopher, knowing what was coming, braced himself, all his massive muscles going on a tension, as though trying to give her strength and alertness for the dangerous task. The band played a spirited air while the girl sat still on the bar; then the music ceased, and a deep hush fell on the audience. The fairy caught the bar in her hands and swung underneath it, and her clear voice rang out again:

"Keep a sharp eye, old Christopher!"

The elephant nodded and waved his flag, but with less statelinese than before. The Fairy began to swing backward and forward in the direction of the distant trapeze, which she was to catch after her flight through the air. Further and further did she swing, higher and higher, back and forth, her glittering spangles looking like a shower of meteors. A ringing voice cried out:

"Now we go, Christopher!" and she loosed her hold and went flying away across the tent, higher and higher, to the apex of a graceful parabolic curve, then down toward the trapeze, still so far away, while the people held their breath, and many closed their eyes. Down sailed the small and graceful figure, coming quickly closer to the goal; two eager hands were outstretched to seize the bar; one hand touched it and clutched it desperately, but the other missed its aim. The momentum sent her flying far beyond, but she still held the bar with one hand, and the rope which held it creaked as the strain came upon them. A hold with one hand was not enough, and the Fairy had not the time to bring the other to bear when the bar swung back out of its tether. The small hand slipped and the girl went flying towards the ground. A suppressed cry of horror rose from the audience as the frail, little body struck the ground at the entrance to the waiting-room, falling with a heavy, cruel sound that went into every heart in that vast assemblage and that made the strongest men shudder and groan and cover their faces.

She fell near the feet of Centerpole Tom, who was standing behind the musicians, and he was the first to approach her. He straightened the body and looked in the blanched face and wide staring eyes, and silently prayed for even a moan from the silent, white lips. The audience rose in an upsurge, and thousands pressed forward to see the poor, limp body on the ground. But instantly there was a commotion from another cause: Christopher had seen the catastrophe, and he claimed the first right of way and the privileges of a friend. He came toward the packed mass of humanity with a roar that sent terror abroad, hundreds flying from his path. Others could not escape so easily, and of these, some he flung right and left with his trunk, and others were packed closer on either side by the interposition of his enormous bulk. Soon he reached the side of the Fairy, lying so white and still, and he dropped to his knees beside her and groaned and caressed her with his trunk.

Gentle hands were trying to find some life in the frail, crushed body when he came, but all fell back upon his terrible approach—all except Centerpole Tom, who feared not even the wrath of the giant Christopher. The elephant accepted his presence, seeing kindness in it. Centerpole's heart beat violently as he saw a faint movement of the chest, and he nearly choked with joy when he beheld the lips move and the eyes close and then open again. Some one brought water, with which he sprinkled her face. This did much good, for she gasped and then sighed.

"She is coming to!" cried Centerpole Tom.

And surely she was; for with returning life, came evidence of suffering, and deep lines of pain formed about her mouth and eyes. Christopher noticed it, for he fanned her more vigorously with his great ears. Consciousness came slowly back; and, when it had returned, the first thing the Fairy saw was her old friend Christopher kneeling beside her.

"Poor, old Christopher!" she said, very faintly; and then, with great difficulty, she raised her hand and gently caressed his wrinkled face. "Poor Christopher! It will break your old heart to see me die. . . . You have loved me, Christopher. . . . But they'll be good to you." Tears trickled down her cheeks, the hard lines deepened, the poor face became more pinched and drawn, the beautiful eyes wandered vacantly and then closed, and the Fairy passed into unconsciousness again.

A physician now came and knelt beside her, and, after he had exclaimed her as well as he could, he said:

"She is desperately hurt, but she is young and is still alive. You must take her at once to a house, where I may care for her properly."

They gently picked her up, and, as they did so, a moan escaped her. This roused the elephant, already dazed by what had happened. He began clumsily rising to his feet, watching them as they bore her away, and was evidently determined to follow. Seeing this, Centerpole Tom, who held the light body in his arms, hurried away, and almost ran to a small hotel not far distant. He took the Fairy within and laid her on a bed which they showed him in a rear room on the ground floor.

But Christopher had not lost sight of him in spite of the crowd; and those without, seeing Christopher's intention of keeping close to his friend, and knowing it was impossible, sought to stay him. They shouted to him and tried to drive him back, but he noticed them not at all. They threw boxes and chairs in his way, but he tossed them aside. A carriage, which stood in his way, was crushed. Christopher seemed to think that, as his friend was among strangers, she was among enemies and needed his protection. He would not give her up.

The situation was desperate. Men counseled shooting him, but how could a pistol-bullet find a vital spot in his enormous body? Besides, he was already maddened by the opposition he had encountered and further tormenting might might lead to dire results. Before anything could be done, before any plan could be matured, he had reached the house. The door was closed and locked before him and furniture was piled behind it; but, with his massive head lowered, he went straight against it, and everything was crushed before his advance. Once in the house, he stopped and listened for the sound of her voice. He heard faintly, and mistook the direction whence they came, for he started straight for the wide staircase leading to the upper floor. Up the stairs he began a laborious ascent, the helpless crowd standing in motionless dismay. Up he toiled, roaring terribly at intervals. The wooden stairs creaked and groaned under his ponderous weight. The plastering near them began to fall, timbers were sprung and wrenched from their fastenings, and the whole house quivered.

The catastrophe came at last. Just before Christopher reached the top, the whole staircase came down with a frightful crash, and the gigantic animal fell headlong to the floor which he crushed and splintered. A mighty groan escaped him for the fall had stunned him desperately hurt. He struggled and floundered in the mass of wrecked timbers, and finally, after a supreme attempt, he staggered to his feet. With a stupendous effort he steadied himself on his tottering legs, and, dazed and shattered, began anew his search for the Fairy. But he did not have to go further: Centerpole Tom, followed by the physician, came forward, bearing a small, dainty burden in his arms, which he laid gently on a table close to Christopher; and the tears which trickled down Centerpole's grizzly beard told anew the old, old story, as old as human suffering and humanity.

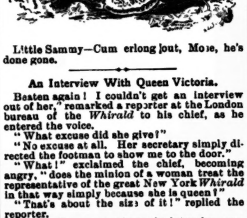
"It is quiet now, old fellow," explained Centerpole Tom to the people who had ventured near, "and nothing can hurt her now."

Christopher eagerly regarded his companion, lying so white and quiet and beautiful, and then he caressed her cold face and hands. Perhaps he understood that it was all over with her, and that with her had gone all that the world held of brightness for him; and besides that his fall had grievously hurt him. He gazed at her and his head sank lower and lower. The fury had all left him, and, crushed both in spirit and body, he stood a towering, tottering wreck. Not a sound escaped him. His great body heaved painfully with his slow breathing, and he swayed from side to side. A little later he took to his knees, and then he lay down, and with a groan he died.

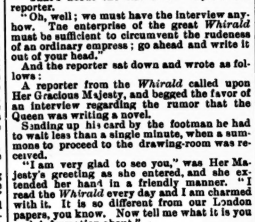
On the western slope of Laurel Hill Cemetery, facing the grand Pacific and the glories of the setting sun, and standing watch over the Golden Gate, through which the great white ships sail to the kingdom far over the seas, stands a granite monument, marking a very large grave and a small one; and it bears only this simple line:

"CHRISTOPHER AND THE FAIRY."

A Mystery Solved.



"Uncle Joh—I'd a took my oath I seed sumbuddy in these mellons.



Little Sammy—Cum erlong just, Moe, he's done gone.

An Interview With Queen Victoria.

Beaten again! I couldn't get an interview out of her," remarked a reporter at the London bureau of the *Whirald* to his chief, as he entered the voice.

"What excuse did she give?"

"No excuse at all. Her secretary simply directed the footman to show me to the door."

"What!" exclaimed the chief, turning angry, "does the minion of a woman treat the representative of the great New York *Whirald* in that way simply because she is queen?"

"That's about the size of it!" replied the reporter.

"Oh, well; we must have the interview anyhow. The enterprise of the great *Whirald* must be sufficient to circumvent the rudeness of an ordinary empress; go ahead and write it out of your head."

And the reporter sat down and wrote as follows:

A reporter from the *Whirald* called upon Her Gracious Majesty, and begged the favor of an interview regarding the rumor that the Queen was writing a novel.

Sending in his card by the footman he had to wait less than a single minute, when a summons to proceed to the drawing-room was received.

"I am very glad to see you," was Her Majesty's greeting as she entered, and she extended her hand in a friendly manner. "I read the *Whirald* every day and I am charmed with it. It is so different from our London papers, you know. Now tell me what it is you seek information about."

"The *Whirald* would like to know, ma'am, if the report is true that you are at work on a novel; and, if so, if you would permit the *Whirald* to publish the first fifty chapters in its Sunday edition."

"No; I am not writing a novel. If I were, I should certainly let the *Whirald* print it in that way. Indeed, so greatly do I appreciate the offer, that I have a great mind to write one, just to have the *Whirald* print it."

"The *Whirald* would be delighted, ma'am."

"So should I. Well, I'll think about it, and if I conclude to write a novel, I'll consult with the *Whirald* people about the plot and so forth."

"Thanks," said the reported, rising to leave. "We would print it top of column next to reading matter."

"Don't be in a hurry!" objected the Queen. "Let me see if I can't think up a little news for the *Whirald* as a beat on the other papers. Oh, yes; I am going to bounce Salisbury week after next and send for Gladstone. I believe in home rule, I do, and have practiced it all my life. Then I am also going to declare war against Russia. I am also going to offer to sell Canada to the United States, to raise some pin money."

"How much do you want for Canada?"

"Oh, about a hundred million pounds."

"I'll take it myself!"

"You!"

"Yes; of course you understand I am buying it for Mr. Bennitzer. He would like the patch as a country seat, you know."

"Very well; you can have it. We'll fix up the papers to-morrow. Now, I know that is all the news I can think of; and I really must go back to afternoon tea. You'll be sure to send me a dozen copies of the edition reporting this interview to send to my friends!"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then good day?"

"Ta ta!"

And the interview closed.—*Munsey's.*

A Vice Versa.

"See, Mary, are not these flowers beautiful?"

"Deed and they are, Miss! Many a time have I seen jist like 'em in bunnits! Ain't it wonderful how nat'ral the Lord can make things!"

After the Yachting Accident.

Bloomenheimer—Mein vrent?

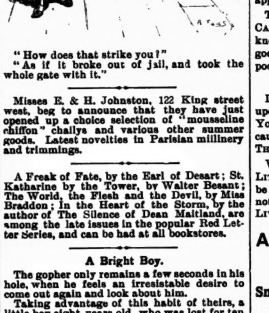
The diver—Well?

Bloomenheimer—Oh! you sees a leedle feller mit a blue-striped jersey mit a silk collar on it down dere, bring him oop fird. Dem goods shrinks awful.

Uncertainty.

Smith—I so much like that sentiment: "Our life is rounded with a sleep."

Jackson (sighing)—I'd like to be sure that it will be squared with the awakening.



"How does that strike you?"

"As if it broke out of jail, and took the whole gate with it."

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

A Bright Boy.

The gopher only remains a few seconds in his hole, when he feels an irresistable desire to come out again and look about him.

Taking advantage of this habit of theirs, a little boy, who was lost for ten days in the prairies of Assiniboia, 150 miles north of the Canadian Pacific railroad, in 1886, was able to save his life.

The boy wore lace boots with leather laces, and used to spread a noose made with a bootlace over a hole where he had seen a gopher go in; then he would lie down and wait for him to come out again. When the gopher, according to his wont, put his head out to the world the little boy pulled the string, caught him by the neck, and ate him.

As there was plenty of rain water in the holes about, the boy got along very well in this way until a search party rescued him.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Damaging Evidence Against the "Ripper"

The "ripper" which troubles many woman is Poor Soap. It rots away their clothes and injures their hands; yet some people will buy it because it appears to be cheap. False economy! Poor Soap is dear at any price. In "Sunlight" Soap you have an article that cannot injure either clothes or skin, no matter how fine or delicate. Try it. Beware of imitations.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Our Christmas Number Prize Competitions.

THE fame of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number is too well established to require any previous words of description. As in the past, the number now in preparation will be Canada's choicest literary and artistic production for the year, and all the leading *litterateurs* and artists of the Dominion will be represented in its pages. In accordance with the custom as established last year, SATURDAY NIGHT will again endeavor to discover and encourage amateur talent by two prize story competitions.

For the best short story of not more than four thousand words, or less than two thousand, a first prize of $30 will be given. For second best a prize of $20, and for third best a prize of $10. The scenes of these stories must be Canadian, and all MSS. submitted to the editors will become the property of this paper; but those which do not receive a prize will, if published, be paid for at regular rates.

For the best children's story, to consist of not less than fifteen hundred or more than twenty-five hundred words, $20 will be paid, and for second best, $10.

For the best poem, not to consist of more than twenty lines, $10 will be given.

These prizes are not large, and are simply intended to develop a few more contributors to Canadian literature.

The publishers do not make themselves responsible for any manuscript submitted for their inspection, and the following rules *must* be observed: All manuscripts are to be written legibly on one side of a half-sheet of foolscap and in ink or by the typewriter. A *nom de plume* should be signed to the manuscript, and a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer and bearing on the outside the same *nom de plume* as the manuscript, must accompany it. All manuscripts intended for this competition, if not marked "Prize Competition," will be treated as regular contributions to our weekly edition.

In addition to the literary excellence of this year's Christmas Number, it is desired to make the illustrations as interesting as possible to Canadian readers. To obtain this end the publishers draw attention to a photographic competition, hitherto unattempted by a Canadian publication.

For the best photograph of a Canadian winter scene, $15 will be given; and for the best photograph of a Canadian summer scene $10 will be paid. Competitors must give the locality of the scene and the month in which the picture was taken, and follow the same rules as to *nom de plume*, etc., as are detailed above.

Also for the best photograph of a Canadian girl or child a prize of $15 will be given, and for second best $10 will be paid. The names of the persons photographed will not be given and the pictures will be reproduced and idealized by the best processes that money can procure.

To rank in any of these competitions everything must be on hand before October 1, and as those stories and poems first received must necessarily be most carefully read, competitors are advised to send them in as soon as possible.

Music.

In last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT I gave utterance to the great satisfaction I had felt on attending the first night of the Saengerfest at Hamilton. Certainly, the efforts forth that evening were most creditable to the Hamiltonians, and I was all the more pleased to find that the performances of the second day showed no diminution of excellence. There was considerable expression of disappointment that the chief attractions, conductor, orchestra and vocalists were all from across the border and that for instance Mr. Joseph W. Baumann had been passed over as conductor, and that such popular Hamilton singers as Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. George Hamilton, and a lady who was formerly a Hamiltonian and who has lost none of her popularity there—Mrs. Caldwell—ladies whom Hamilton generally would have been proud to show, were not engaged to show that Canada is not behind in the matter of good vocalists. Personally I heard many inquiries, as to why Mrs. Caldwell was not on the programme, made by visiting singers who had been delighted with her efforts at the previous Saengerfest at Waterloo. The absence of Canadian vocal talent gave us the appearance of being poverty-stricken in that respect and offended every one of our Canadian singers who was present. These people came over to have their annual festival and did not care where the singers came from so long as they were good ones; the usual rule has been to take the singers from the neighborhood of the city where the Saengerfest was to be held. As it was the Hamiltonians subscribed liberally and supported the performances generously while the honors that might have fallen upon the brows of their townspeople were passed on to outsiders by a committee of residents who were led by a master mind, so it is said, to this conclusion.

Be that as it may, I do not wish to be understood as depreciating the artistic efforts of our brethren from across the line. Far from it, indeed. Mr. John Lund of Buffalo, who was the festival conductor, is a very capable man and a good orchestral conductor, and I believe it was largely with the view to making the engagement of his own orchestra a possibility that he was selected as musical director of the Saengerfest. This little orchestra, only thirty-five strong, is so good that I have no memory of one of equal size that surpasses it in excellence. The members show a beautifully clear tone and most accurate intonation, while the effects of shading and phrasing left nothing to be wished for. The solo passages incidental to the Merry Wives of Windsor and Rosamunde overtures were beautifully played in all instances. It was in the lovely, sensuous prelude for strings from Massenet's Eve, that the orchestra showed at its best, this number being most exquisitely rendered. Mr. Lund, himself, is a very handsome man with a face expressive of great geniality of spirit, and no doubt this personal magnetism finds its way to the orchestra at rehearsals. His manner of conducting at concerts is rather large and lacks elegance and repose, but he secures the results he wishes, so that, considered from an auricular standpoint, he delights us.

*

The singing of the massed chorus, composed of all the singing societies, was remarkably good, even leaving out of consideration the fact that the men had only one combined rehearsal. The tone was very well balanced and rich and virile in quality, the second basses and first tenors being particularly good. The attacks were crisp and emphatic, and the shading throughout was conspicuous by its fine gradations. The second tenors seemed to be the weak section generally throughout the societies, for the bad tone quality and intonation of this section was observable in the separate societies as well as in the massed chorus. Provincialisms in pronunciation detracted to a slight extent from the dignity of choruses sung by such a large gathering as four hundred and fifty voices. A fine effect was produced by Moehring's De Trompeter an der Katzbach, but the palm must be awarded to Mr. Lund's Germanenzug, a splendid stirring and musicianly composition, illustrative of the marching to battle of the old Tentons (probably these are the gentlemen who are alluded to in the old saying which I saw emblazoned on many streamers in Hamilton: "Die Alten Deutschen, eh' sie ruigen, tranken noch Eins.") This was sung with great fire and enthusiasm. The combined singing societies from Detroit sang Schulz's Prinzessin Ilse, a work of considerable difficulty, in excellent style, and the large chorus gave a beautiful rendering of an old Volkslied, In der Ferne.

*

Not so satisfactory was the singing of the individual societies. There was a terrible monotony about the character of the selections they chose to show off with, and one speedily became wearied of heavy, dismal, and long drawn-out harmonies. What was wanted was something rollicking and bacchanalian for a change, such as was heard at the banquet on Wednesday evening. This would have enlivened the proceedings very much. The best singing was done by the Mennerchor-Liedertafel of Rochester and by the Orpheus of Buffalo. The latter had a decided advantage in ensemble, but the former had a splendid lead of first tenors at whom point was our old friend Philip Fried. The vocalist on Wednesday was Mme. Ida Klein (jocosely called, "I won't accept"), who gave a fine rendition of Convien Partir from the Daughter of the Regiment. She has a fine voice and a good method, and was most satisfactory in this number. Her encore song, Come Where the Lindens Bloom, sounded very much weighed down by summer lassitude to those who have heard Mrs. Mackelcan's magnetic rendition of this fine song. In the evening she was to have sung Elizabeth's prayer from Tannhæuser, but the non-arrival of the orchestral parts thereunto belonging necessitated a change, and Mme. Klein sang Arditi's Magnetic Waltz, with Gounod's Au Printemps as an encore. These and her two later songs all suffered from a lack of briskness and from indifferent phrasing. Miss Nora Clench did excellent work as *concertmeisterin* of the Buffalo orchestra, but evidently suffered from these duties and from the heat when she played her solos in the evening. Her afternoon essays were much better, and she gave a rendition of Wieniowski's Airs Russes that was instinct with elegance and delicacy. The evening concert was followed by a very pleasing banquet, some of the concomitants of which certainly suggested the pet name of *Lagerfest* for the event.

*

The season at the Grand Opera House was opened on Monday evening by the Roth Lyric Opera Company which played a repertoire during the week. Mr. Sheppard has displayed excellent taste in the new decorations he has given the vestibule and foyer. These are now agreeable and smiling in character, and the house itself looks very dainty in its elegance of white and gold. The opera chosen for the opening was Millloecker's Black Hussar, a bright agreeable work, so far as we can trust the performance we heard on Monday evening to be the original. The first two acts have a lot of tuneful music in them, with a fine, full orchestration, some very clever ensembles and one good finale. But oh! the third act! Fancy one girl singing Forever and Forever (I mean the song, not the condition of being) and another one singing Dear Heart, followed by an endless singing of changes on These Words No Shakespeare Wrote! Then in comes a company of Hussars who sing a little piece and down comes the curtain! *This* is the third act of the Black Hussar shows the utmost catholicity of resource on the part of the stage manager and musical director in the matter of operatic ham-fatting.

*

The plot of the opera is more than usually strong, and its comedy element is very happily placed in the hands of Mr. J. W. Herbert—an established favorite here, who is *facile princeps*, both as singer and comedian—and of Mr. N. S. Burnham. Mr. Herbert as the old chap who is a sort of German magisterial Vicar of Bray keeps up his well-earned reputation. Mr. Burnham as the village Pooh-Bah was especially happy in his perversions of well-known proverbs. Miss Lily Post, who made her first visit to Toronto this week, proved a highly acceptable singer and actress and was one of the bulwarks of the opera. She is a hearty, sonsie-looking lady and sings very well. Miss Maud Hollins, a pretty young English girl, sings very neatly and promises to become a capable actress. Mr. George Lyding sang the title role. He is a very handsome young man, with a very good tenor voice, a good actor and a very respectable singer. The chorus is fresh and nice-looking, and all have full, strong voices, which would show to better advantage if better choral discipline were enforced. Still I am free to say that I thoroughly enjoyed the first two acts of the Black Hussar, coming as it did after a summer's rest. If Amorita and the other operas put on by this company I may have a few words to say next week.

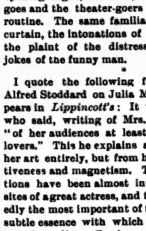
*

The leaders of musical society are gradually coming back to town. I saw Mr. John Earls, president of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, looking well and hearty after his trip to England. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington returned on Tuesday, and Mr. W. O. Forsyth returns to-day.

*

Mr. E. W. Schuch has been engaged to make weekly visits to the Hamilton College of Music, where he will open on September 7 with a large class in voice culture. METRONOME.

The Drama.



A SUBTLE charm lurks about the first night of the season. Last season's *blase* playgoers have had a refreshing rest of eye and ear, and when the opening comes around again it is greeted by an eagerness and expectancy that is almost delightful enough to be childlike. Everything is fresh painted and shining. Manager Sheppard strokes his mustache with an even more than usually happy air and the old first nighters lean back in the same old seats, that seem glad to embrace them once more. The old gags even gain a touch of the buoyancy of youth for the audience. With the opening night, however, the peculiar charm goes and the theater-goers settle down to the routine. The same familiar scenes and drop curtain, the intonations of the Shakespearian, the plaint of the distressed heroine, or the jokes of the funny man.

*

I quote the following from an article by Alfred Stoddard on Julia Marlowe which appears in *Lippincott's*: It was Colley Cibber who said, writing of Mrs. Bracegirdle, that "of her audiences at least one-half were her lovers." This he explains as not arising from her art entirely, but from her personal attractiveness and magnetism. These two qualifications have been almost invariably the requisites of agreat actress, and the last is usually the most important of the two. It is that subtle essence with which nature assists her ever-depending offspring, art, and which in unison with art causes us to forget all outward inconsistencies and holds us spellbound, responsive to the every touch of the artist. It is not enough that the art be perfect, if that mysterious and undefinable force which we, for lack of a better name, term magnetism, serves not to weave a web of sympathy extending across the foot-lights. Upon Julia Marlowe nature, with her other lavish gifts, has bestowed a vast amount of this inestimable boon of magnetism. Whatever this strange quality is, we know that it has made men and women great in every walk of life. Madame de Stael, the plainest woman of her age, with all her brilliancy, would have died forgotten had she not possessed it. Indeed, an analysis of the world's greatest successes would show that it has entered largely into the achievement of them all. It is difficult for us to imagine the heroines of Shakespeare portrayed by beardless men and boys, as they were in the poet's own time. Shakespeare's women are replete to a greater degree than any other characters in fiction with that vague though potent attribute of womanliness. Surely the players must have lacked sympathy with their part, or the audience with them; for an effeminate man or a mannish woman are both abominations, just as a womanly woman is a delight. In the delineation of women the master's hand has never faltered; in all the phases of their lives and the broad range of their foibles and emotions he has limned them with an unerring brush: they are always true to their sex. To this sacred gift of womanliness, together with her magnetism, Miss Marlowe is indebted for much of her success. Not that it could have been attained without genius, but both must unite to make the finished artist. Where the art of actor reaches its limit, the personality of the woman must take up the thread, uniting as the two arcs to form a perfect circle.

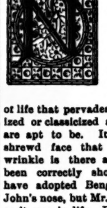
*

"The mistake," said a pretty actress, "that most of the women in my profession make is in putting powder and rouge on their faces when they go on the street in the day time. It is absolutely impossible to make up the face so that daylight will not reveal the false coloring. How many women of real beauty I have seen cheapen themselves and disfigure the honest good looks that Heaven has bestowed on them by wearing a stage make-up in daily life! I wouldn't like to mention the names of actresses that paint and powder and crayon for the street, but if I started in to do so, I don't think I should leave many of them out. I have often heard men say that they suffered an intense shock in meeting a stage beauty who had seemed almost divine to them across the footlights, vulgary made up. They could have easily forgiven the few blemishes that a clean face would have revealed, and with that clean face the actress would have preserved for them nearly all of the fascination that she exerted by means of her theatric artificialities. I have tried often to talk my friends into this way of thinking, but I've never had any success, and though there are many girls, and old women for that matter, whom I am very fond of, most of them make me frightfully ashamed of myself and my profession whenever I go out with them in the day time. And rouge sooner or later coarsens the skin until a woman who uses it grows positively unwholesome to look at. But they will use it, and they crayon on the eyes, too, and the consequence is, we actresses are often taken for something very much worse than we are. Ah, well! I, at least, am free of the habit. Of course, I touch a powder puff to my nose once in a while just to take the shine off, you know. Like this, you see. A dab on this, then a dab on that, and then, just to blend it, you bring the puff over the cheeks and chin, and there you are," and the merry little actress, with her usual ideas on the vulgarity of making up, went her way, her face a luminous white and her lips a deep crimson from constant biting."

*

"More money is expended in providing dramatic amusement for the people of the United States than the people pay for it." This assertion that more capital is put into the theatrical business than ever gets out again, says the New York *Sun*, was made by a participant in a peculiar meeting of managers held privately last week. Some of his companions looked incredulous. "It is absolutely true," he went on, "and I qualify my statement only by leaving the variety show branch of the business out of the calculation. There's big profit in variety, as we all know. Reckoning only on legitimate theatricals, in the aggregate they don't pay expenses." The conference concerned a proposed means of making theatricals pay, and the prime mover was putting forward an argument in justification of the plan, which was nothing else than to make alcoholic traffic help support the drama. Five managers were present and they were harmonious in the belief that the liquor law should be so amended as to permit bars in places accessible directly from the theaters. At present the statue forbids the sale of intoxicants in any room which can be entered from a theater without going into the street, the intention of the lawmakers having been to disconnect the two diversions of drama and drink. This law is observed generally in the Broadway theaters. Once in a while a door is opened from a lobby into a barroom, but the offence has to be stopped quickly. The consequence is not any curtailment of tippling between acts, but the division of it among the groggeries close to theaters. Now, the managers in secret session agreed unanimously that the liquor traffic dependent upon each theatre could and should belong to the house, and be made to swell its revenue. "The bar would pay the orchestra," said one, in whose mind the cost of orchestral music was begrudged, as it is generally among managers. "Wouldn't it degrade legitimate theatricals just a little bit?" was a rather timid suggestion. "Not if it is done right," was the very positive reply. "It should be made fashionable. London theaters, with their open bars in corridors and lobbies, should be cited as a swell example. Degrading! Nonsense. Why, don't you remember that the late Lester Wallack opened a bar in his new theater and not only that, but outfitted it with barmaids imported from London! It was a brilliant idea. The fellows were a little shy of ordering drinks from the girls behind the counter, but the strangeness was wearing off rapidly, and in a month a bar would have been a booming adjunct of the swellest theater in town. But the police wouldn't allow it. The bar was down in the cellar, with a stairway from the main lobby, and that was a violation of the law. What we want to do, and can do, is to amend that statute so as to permit a bar in a theater. Then every manager can scoop the drink business that by right belongs to him." A reporter spent a single hour in going to the offices of Broadway theater managers, other than those who had attended the conference, and in that short time he found eight who declared, unhesitatingly, that they would not sell drinks on their premises, no matter how much freedom the law might give. Four of them had leased their theaters with a proviso that the adjoining stores would not be used for barrooms. Friends of the unsullied drama, or of temperance, need have no dread of bars in legitimate New York theaters. A majority of the managers are against it, no matter if it would be "so English."

Art and Artists.



OT long ago I paid a visit to Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's studio and saw his portrait bust of Sir John Macdonald. In the yet damp clay I do not think I ever saw a more perfect portrait of anybody whether in clay, oils or black and white. The most striking thing about the bust is the air of life that pervades the face. It is not idealized or classicized as so many modelled faces are apt to be. It has simply the kindly, shrewd face that everybody loved. Every wrinkle is there and the nose has at last been correctly shown. Too many artists have adopted Bengough's definition of Sir John's nose, but Mr. McCarthy's bust shows it as it was in life. For life-like treatment the only modern specimen of plastic art to which it may be compared is Boehm's statuette of Thackeray. As there may be some keen competition for the executorship of the Macdonald monument, it would be well for Ontario to decide on the man whom they will support for the post. His only formidable rivals will be French-Canadians, and Mr. McCarthy as a representative English-speaking Canadian should distance them. His present work shows his capability for the task.

*

Mr. D. Holmes is sketching at Cannington, Ont. Mr. Holmes will shortly return to resume his duties at Upper Canada College.

*

Mr. D. A. McKellar, formerly of SATURDAY NIGHT, is in Canada for a three weeks' trip. Mr. McKellar's drawings are becoming familiar to the readers of the American illustrated periodicals. CHAD.

Memories.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sweet to sit in the summer dusk
When the twilight shadows are deepening,
When the roses are gracefully drooping their heads
And folding their leaves midst the flowery beds,
To dream of the day's awakening.

Ah me, how my thoughts fly back o'er the past,
To the days when a child I ramb'ed
And laughed and danced through the summer hours,
And lived the life of the birds and flowers,
No thought for the future taking.

Now all is peacefully calm and still
And the light in the west is waning,
High up in the top of an old pine tree
A robin is singing good night to me
In the golden sunset bathing.

And I sit and dream through the summer night,
Just now the moon has arisen,
And down by the stream in her silver light
Are fairy-like creatures arrayed in white,
The ghosts of my happy childhood.

My life for a taste of those sweet young days,
Will you list to that childish clatter?
And wildly dreaming I rush to my fest
And over the fields in the moonlight creep
To join in that happy laughter.

* * * * * * *

The stars are beginning to twinkle above,
They look so rougish and happy
I can hear them laugh at my foolish sighs,
While the pale old moon is blinking her eyes
And the evening breeze is whispering.

"'Tis foolish to dream o'er the faded past,
And child you are young for sorrow,
'Twill be time to sigh when the days are drear,
But to-night you have all that the world holds dear
And the hopes of a golden morrow."

I am standing down by the murmuring brook
As it bickers over the pebbles,
But the forms have fled and my dream is o'er
And I live in this wonderful world once more
With its blessings, joys and troubles.

ESTHER TALBOT KIGOSWILL.

At the Seaside.

For Saturday Night.

In the snug retreat
Of a rustic seat
They sit, as perhaps you've seen 'em.
So the smallest breeze
That stirs the trees
Could scarcely pass between 'em.

The waters gray
Of the rolling bay
Before them lie outspread.
The breakers break
And the mist they make,
Like a fog hangs overhead.

My life, my love,
My turtle dove,
How grand are nature's lessons.
This restless sea
In constancy
And power never lessens.

And like the sea
My love for thee
Shall changeless be forever.
Say but one word,
Most blest s'er heard
And nothing can us sever.

Now on your part
I see your heart
With love ecstatic thrills.
With downcast eyes
The maid replies,
"It's the fever 'nd ager chills." A. A. S.

Ontario the Blue.

(SLUMBER SONG.)

For Saturday Night.

Roll! roll thy silv'ry waters,
Roll, roll and ripple, too;
And murmur, murmur music
Ontario the blue.

Heave, heave thy sunset bosom,
Heave, heave its pearly smiles;
And glimmer, glow and glimmer
For miles and miles and miles.

Dance, dance him o'er thy billows,
Dance, dance him home to me;
The daddy of the darling
That slumbers on my knee.

So that when shadows deepen
And midnight breezes moan,
The sleeper and his mother
May not be left alone.

Then roll thy silv'ry waters,
Roll, roll and ripple, too;
And murmur, murmur music
Ontario the blue. ERNEST E. LEIGH

Dream-Gleams.

For Saturday Night.

My love, I know that last night I did dream
Of thee, though faded is the picture bright,
Thy words, whate'er they were, forgotten quite,
But still, I know thy love o'er me didst beam;
For in my heart to-day a light doth gleam
Rosy and strong, and looking into mine,
Tender with love, I see those eyes of thine
Cheering with hope that seemeth truth supreme.

Would that the gleamings that my sadness soothe
Were as forecastings of the morning sun,
That on the eastern sky so sad and gray
Trace with pink fingers, "Day is just begun,"
So I might say my dreamings bright were truth
And all thy coldness, darkness 'fore the day.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

Beneath the Surface.

For Saturday Night.

Deep down in the caves of ocean,
Far out from the homes of men,
There dwelt a little mermaid,
The loveliest living then.
She had beautiful waving tresses
And eyes divinely meek,
And lips of such perfect purity
One longed to hear her speak.

But the fair little ocean dweller
To the surface each day would rise,
And call the angels to pity
With her wonderful speaking eyes;
For to her no winds could mutter,
No angry murmurs come,
Nor words of peace could she utter—
The pure young thing was dumb!

*

But was not it truest kindness?
She longed not for human speech,
For the thoughts that she might have uttered
Were beyond the merman's reach.
So until a mortal loved her,
And his life for her had given,
She remained in deep sea caverns
Then learned to speak in Heaven.

SHEILA MACDOUGALL.

Noted People.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist, is soon to marry Miss Anna Goode, a daughter of Dr. E. S. Goode of Madison, Indiana.

As a result of Professor Tyndall's improved condition of health, it is announced that he is preparing for publication a volume to be entitled Fragments of Science.

A movement is under way in England to organize an Authors' Club like that in New York. Mr. Walter Besant is among the authors who are interested in the project, and it is said that the club will take sharp before the close of the year.

John G. Whittier is so modest that his niece, who is preparing a biography of him, has found it very difficult to obtain any aid from him in her work. His strength is gradually failing, and he is forced to give up the long walks which he formerly took.

The unusual sight of a jury composed entirely of women was lately witnessed at Douglas, Wyoming, where Mrs. Ingersoll, the landlady of the Douglas Hotel, was sued by two of her servant-girls for wages. The jury rendered a verdict in their favor.

Owing to the increasing South American trade, there is a great demand for stenographers with a knowledge of Spanish. Not only could a bright woman command a choice of situations, but at a much better salary than in an office where English only is required.

Whenever Queen Victoria goes on her travels her mattresses accompany her. Instead of being stuffed with hair, in accordance with American ideas of comfort, the royal mattresses are filled with the softest wool, and must all be of uniform weight and thickness.

A clever English woman, Miss Clara Millard, of Teddington, Middlesex, has made a new departure in woman's work by starting a shop for the sale of rare old books. She calls it The Book-Seeker's Haven, and she publishes an occasional catalogue of her wares, entitled Eureka.

The New York Sorosis, which has met regularly at Delmonico's for twenty-three years, will hold its meetings hereafter in Sherry's big ball-room, as Delmonico has no room large enough to accommodate the members and their guests at the monthly social meeting.

Miss Ada Dyas has a pleasant country place near Stamford, Connecticut, where she spends at least a part of each summer. It was declared by both Richard Grant White and Professor Whelpley that by no one on the stage is English spoken with the purity and beauty with which Miss Dyas enunciates it.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is investing a portion of her literary earnings in building an out of town home, to which she will hereafter go each summer. It is being built on a projecting rock on Long Island Sound, an hour or two ride from New York. The poetess calls it her "bungalow," the Indian name for a home.

Monuments to great men sometimes grow slowly in other countries as well as our own. Paris has just erected one to La Fontaine, the well known author of the fables, who lived 250 years ago, and it was eight years before the 54,000 francs which the statue cost was collected.

William Morris, the English poet, affects a singular carelessness of attire. Not infrequently he appears on the street in London wearing an old sack coat, baggy trowsers, a blue flannel shirt, and a black slouch hat. A necktie he seems to consider superfluous, and that the collar are not infrequently missing.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the American whistler, has returned from her four months' trip in Russia, after a highly successful tour. She will give one concert in London and then go for an extended tour on the Continent. In the fall she returns to Russia for four months, by way of Constantinople, where she will appear before the Sultan.

Mrs. L. B. Walford, the novelist, is described as a fair-skinned, blue-eyed, brown-haired woman, with a brilliant smile, whose appearance is more youthful than one would expect in the mother of seven children. Her home, Cranbrooke Hall, near London, is a charming old place, dating back two hundred years, but improved and enlarged of late years.

The New York Cooking School had one thousand pupils in the year just ended, half of whom were taught free. The school gives free instruction in plain cookery to children of working people, and teaches them how to prepare their food in a wholesome way, and how to market advantageously and economically. Instruction in higher cookery is given to those who pay for it.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's home in Appledore, the largest of the Isles of Shoals, is surrounded by a beautiful garden, gorgeous with brilliant blossoms. Among these Mrs. Thaxter may be seen at work in the early morning hours. The house, a roomy cottage, is always fragrant and bright with cut flowers, and the walls are covered with choice bits of painting, etching and sketching.

Mrs. Emma Bostwick, once known as the American Jenny Lind, has probably retained her voice to a greater age than any other public singer. She is now seventy-seven years old, but her voice is still pure and fresh, and she sings in admirable time and tune. She is the daughter of an English violinist, named Gillingham, and began her career on the concert stage when only twelve years of age.

The house which Benedict Arnold occupied when a young man in New Haven, Con., is still standing. He compounded drugs at the time, and the sign which swung before his little shop is preserved by the New Haven Historical Society. It bears, besides the usual announcement, the words "from London," which show that the apothecary was not averse to practising the tricks of his business.

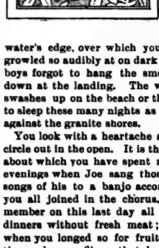
Miss Clementine de Vere, the American singer, who made her first appearance in England at the Richter concerts brings with her a splendid record of previous successes. She possesses beauty as well as musical talent to recommend her. Miss De Vere made her *debut* in Florence, appearing at the Pagliano Theater in several important *roles*. She also studied in Paris under Gounod, and appeared as Marguerite. She has followed up her continental successes with still greater success in New York. As a church soloist she commands a yearly salary of $5000.

President and Madame Carnot have elected to spend the summer in the Chateau of Fontainebleau. Most of Madame Carnot's youth was spent in the old-world town, which, standing as it does on the edge of the great forest, can boast of as many historical associations as Versailles itself. The suite of rooms chosen by Madame la Presidente overlook the vast Cour des Adieux, where Napoleon I. parted from his army after signing his abdication in 1814; and in her bedchamber still remains the little bassinette of the late Prince Imperial, for Fontainebleau was the Empress Eugenie's favorite summer palace.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

Striking Camp.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



HOW melancholy an affair it is! You learn on that last day just how dear to you have become the weather-beaten old tents, the groups of shaggy birches, the spikey firs, the stoney break-neck path creeping down to the water's edge, over which you scrambled and growled so audibly at on dark nights when the boys forgot to hang the smoky old lantern down at the landing. The water itself that swashes up on the beach or that has sung you to sleep these many nights as it dashed about against the granite shores.

You look with a heartache at the big black circle out in the open. It is the dead camp fire about which you have spent numberless jolly evenings when Joe sang those rattling good songs of his to a banjo accompaniment, and you all joined in the chorus. You don't remember on this last day all those miserable dinners without fresh meat; those dry teas when you longed so for fruit and tomatoes; those plaguey flies; that haunting dread of finding a snake in your bed every night. You forget how intensely you suffered from sunburn the first week, or how stuffy the gray blankets smelt after a shower, and how the tent always leaked right over the corner where your stretcher stood.

You have grown attached to the tin tableware that disgusted you so at the first meal "out"; the thick delf breakfast cups; the the pewter spoons; the flabby butter, and the oilcloth table cover. You have grown attached even to Joe in those awful clothes of his, and when you get back to town and see him rushing down to the office in his gray tweed suit, dazzling boots, stiff felt hat and "boiled" collar, you long for just one glimpse of him in that atrocious get-up he went around in "up north." Those awful shorts that were once white flannel, that glaringly striped shirt, that black and red blazer, that thing he called a hat, and those beggarly tans over stockings with bush-made open work up the calves!

You go to church the first Sunday you are in town, and across the aisle sits Jennie, prinked up in a French challie trimmed with velvet, a flower garden on her head, and gloves on those dear little hands you helped to brown the day you and she went fishing alone up the river. And then this object that is propped up in the pew like a fashion plate fades slowly away, and you see her as she was last week "up north," perched on a rock, with her heels hanging down a good half foot below a jaunty sailor dress of blue serge and white braid, it is open at the throat with a big silk tie knotted under the Byron collar, and her pretty little face with its sun kissed nose laughs out at you from under a scarlet Tam o' Shanter.

Yes, the last day of the season is gloomy. Some of the boys are taking down the tents while you are packing your trunk full of the worst looking togs, the dingiest flannels, the half dry bathing suit, three pairs of terrible looking shoes (they will do again for next year, you tell yourself), a hammock, some bath towels, a Tam, a fore-and-aft, a cow's breakfast, a gray check jocky, and a striped flannel that matches your blazer.

How happy you have all been here together! and how you hate to part from the crowd you never know were half such delightful people. Some way or other you never cared much for them in town, and when you heard they were to join the party you were disappointed, and said, "Pshaw—they'll never ring in with the rest of us, they are not a bit Bohemian." Belle was not on your calling list, Jack you never really liked, old Hal you always considered stupid, Joe was undoubtedly "stuck on himself," and you often wondered why Mrs. A. was allowed to live, and to-day here you are trying to swallow the choke in your throat at the thought of parting with all the gay, careless, unselfish crowd that forgot to bring their style, and their tempers, and their little faults when they came out to the backwoods for those three lazy, care-free weeks.

If you are a woman you kiss all your kind when the goodbyes come, and you call the men "old boy," and your hand rests a little tenderly in Jack's while you look into his half-pathetic eyes, and forget how you railed against him at the ball last winter and called him a "boor" because he neglected to observe some trifling piece of etiquette. If you are a man you wish you might kiss all the girls, and you grasp the the fellow by one shoulder with one hand while you shake and shake and shake again with the other and say "good-bye old man take care of yourself. Yes, I'll be sure to be up Thanksgiving Day."

Yes, you have had a good time during those three weeks far away from the work-a-day world that you so gladly forgot, so willingly left leagues and leagues behind you, was not your tent infinately better than the ten by twelve box your fashionable married sister was occupying down on the Jersey Coast, where she coaxed you so hard to join her? Were not your coarse blankets outspread on aromatic cedar boughs a thousand times superior to a stuffy berth in a hot sleeper or steam boat? Were not these waters singing through the northern night, more musical, wilder, freer than the conventional orchestra playing upon the strand, where men and women in hot, tight habilliments paraded their wealth, and danced, and strolled? Were not you the happier lying there garmented in your collarless flannels, unhampered with gew-gaws or gossip with only heavens stars above you and the virgin world about you? And that little canoe of yours lying out on the shore ready to be packed for shipment, was it not worth all the carriages at a fashionable watering place? Was your paddle not more precious than steaming, harness-hampered horses, the gunwales curving lines more shapely than a lumbering victoria or a nobby two-wheeler? Were not the freshening windy airs that caught the sail and swept you in your slender craft down the lake, more glorious and entrancing than the clouds of yellow dust whirled from wheels laboring through the heat and crowds that throng a seaside "drive?"

Ah! that treasured canoe that you have had such a struggle over packing, you will never undergo that ordeal again, you tell yourself—particularly if you are a lady, and I agree with you.

It is a nice thing to be a lady canoeist. All the men in camp revere you, and it you are a very good paddler they may do you the honor of imposing on you. You may be proud of yourself, and of your knowledge of boat building and A. C. A. rules and racers and cruisers, but the girls who never paddle but loll gracefully with their backs to the bow, while they play the mandolin and look tender things across the center thwart, have much the best time of it, and somehow they always have the best cushions, while you are expected to kneel on a slidy oilcloth affair about as thick as a knife blade, keeping your temper angelic and serene the while, just because you are strong in the wrists, not afraid of work and blisters and can paddle as well as your brothers.

There are two occasions when you are in demand, the first is, when the lazy man of the party wants an outing. It is astonishing with what rapid growth his affection for you springs forth into flower, although it apparently was not even budding at last night's hop, for he never once came near you. The second time your popularity dawns upon you is when a long cruise is on the programme, and you are sought by every masculine member of the camp, and the honor of your company begged, nay, supplicated for. Then you are demoniac enough to single out the "youngster," (they always stand by you, those dear, athletic college boys, who admire your skinny, muscular arms, and turn up their noses at the plump whiteness "rolled like dough" as they tell you on the arms of the non-paddling maidens), and then the men get miffed and say "its hanged curious how a pretty boy gets on with women."

Yes, they always stand by you—unless you have a canoe to pack, and then—well! Nobody is your friend then. I will never forget an experience I had when a party of twenty struck out for a month's outing in the wilds of Muskoka. At that time I thought it of vital importance that a canoe should be canvas covered before those infidel train hands touched the sacred thing, but I learned in one bitter lesson how utterly a baggageman despises and ill-treats a canvas packed boat.

I had spent an entire morning sewing that satanic cover, the packing needle was as big as a butcher's skewer, and the twine full of knots. Every time I would get a hole bored in the canvas I would have to seize the needle with both hands, brace myself against the gunwale, and pull, and drag, and get red in the face before the blessed eye with its big double rope would get through, then it would stick. I would go around to the other side of the canoe and find the double twine twisted up into a four-cord warranted not to be untangled cable. Then I would catch hold of the flat part of the needle and turn it round and round until the cord straightened somewhat, then I would shove the rear end of the needle with the thumb and keep the cord taut with the other, by this time I was getting hot, my hands puffing out with a thousand pulses superinduced by hard labor, moisture, and an awakening temper, my hand shook, my thumb slipped, and that demonical skewer contrivance ripped up the back of my knuckles already blistered and tender with sunburn. By this time one or two of the girls had come around to watch the proceeding, saying blandly, "How nice it is to know so much about canoeing, why you're just as good at it as one of the boys, but hurry up, the steamer will be going in a second."

I was hurrying, my lacerated fingers were doing their best at that wretched canvas, but after a while I got the bow deck all stitched in then I confronted the stern, only to discover the canvas about six inches short, I stretched, and tugged, and boiled, and blessed until I got the stuff to meet—Alas! I had left my cord and needle at the bow, the girls had gone, but were shouting again for me to 'hurry up' or I'd be left." I dashed down to the other end, grasped the villianous butcher skewer, stretched the canvas once more and began to stitch. After ten minutes of misery I got it sewed up. Then for tying the stuff over the gunwales and thwarts. The cord, that seemed like a hangman's rope to sew with, broke like a thread at the first tie. The girls still urged me from the wharf to "make haste." I reeled off about six yards of string, doubled it twice, and started at the tying business again. As I broke it from the ball the latter rolled lazily off the sands into the lake. I stopped, grabbed a paddle, fished it out—a flabby wet roll of Satan's own netting material. At last I got the thing all fixed, and began to strap the paddles under the thwarts, the steamer was tooting, the girls still shouting, and the sailors were coming for my canoe. They greeted me with, "Hurry up miss," and I glared at them.

"You can go without me," I growled, "or anything else you like. I've got to fix these paddles or I don't go aboard." They looked surprised, but stood back—and watched me. My hands began to get stiff. The wet string flabbed up and stuck to every thing it touched while I was tying the paddles to the center thwart. The edge of a blade got fast under the rim of the bottom boards. The two men still stood and looked, and I fumed and trembled, and tied and twisted, finally standing erect and telling them to—"Now then"——

The steamer whistled again, the sailors shouldered my canoe, and we all scrambled aboard, while the people on deck hung over the rail staring at my hot face and bleeding fingers, and the women and men of my party jabbered a lot of stuff about "My! but you nearly got left." I was sweltering hot, tired, furiously ill-tempered, and my back ached, and for all this annoyance I was rewarded thus:

After we had left the steamer the camping outfit was stowed away in a baggage car, and we railed it eighty miles before we reached home. I then went to the car to identify my canoe. What should greet my horrified eyes but my beautiful canvas-packed darling beneath two commercial traveler's iron bound sample trunks, three stretchers, a box of tins, a crate of blueberries, two valises, a baby carriage, a bunch of lacrosse stocks, four bales of blankets, a basket of house plants and a bicycle.

The baggagemen were unloading, and when they excavated my canoe they lifted it out without removing the crate of blueberries. One man got down on the platform and took the bow, the fiend in the car held the stern until they got it pretty well out, then it slipped, he dropped it and the whole concern plumped down with a bang on the boards five feet below.

The jar staggered the man at the bow, so he dropped his hold with a bang number two. I ejaculated a phrase not strictly feminine. "It's all right, miss," said the idiot in the car. "It's packed an' nothing 'll hurt it."

What something had hurt it. It had to be white leaded and have a patch nine by five inches inserted where those diabolical baggagemen had "stove" it in.

I have never covered a canoe since then, I never will again. Ship a canoe bare and bald and the train hands will be cautious and regard it as something to be handled with care, but stretch a web of canvas over it and they think it is clothed in a coat of mail impenetrable as Fate.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

At Evening.

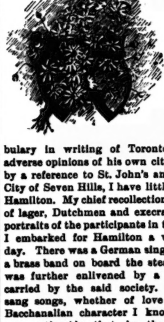
For Saturday Night.

They brought him in at evenfall,
The autumn sun was red,
Within the heavy fortress wall
They lay their comrade dead.
At twilight time they carried him
Across the battle ground:
The early stars shone faint and dim
And hushed was every sound.

They laid him down at close of day
Then silently they passed away
And left him there—at rest.

PIERCE GRAYDON.

Notes on Hamilton.



RITING as I am with my eyes open, and knowing full well that the editor of the *Spectator* has his finger in his Bible at the book of Revelations, ready to stimulate his vocabulary in writing of Toronto, should any adverse opinions of his own city be expressed, by a reference to St. John's anathemas on the City of Seven Hills, I have little but praise for Hamilton. My chief recollections of the city are of lager, Dutchmen and execrable newspaper portraits of the participants in the Saengerfest. I embarked for Hamilton a week ago Tuesday. There was a German singing society and a brass band on board the steamer. The trip was further enlivened by a barrel of beer carried by the said society. The Germans sang songs, whether of love or war or of Bacchanalian character I know not, but it was noticeable that in the last song or two which they sang that their tongues seemed to have difficulty in getting away from the roofs of their mouths. The band, too, latterly seemed blowing more beer than music into their instruments. Among Germans, however, lager beer and music seem to go together, the insignia of each Saengerfesting society being a drinking horn, and the largest one, said to hold nine quarts, was a source of honest pride to the members of its society.

Hamilton is neither too large nor too small to enthuse well, and this time she did it in great shape. Her streets fairly bristled with union jacks, stars and stripes, German tricolors, green trees, Chinese lanterns and white sheets with mysterious German legends on them, most of which included the word lager in their inscription. Attractive looking as the buildings were from the street, the real attractiveness seemed to be at the back doors, and to these the bands and societies speedily found their way; and there they joyously carolled and played until they became dry. Among buildings so honored, breweries seemed to have the call.

The concerts were really good, but they are fully dealt with in another column. However, I cannot help saying that the audience listened to a good many part songs when its only gratification was the sense of its unselfishness in contributing by its presence to the pleasure of the performers in hearing their own voices on a public platform. At the Tuesday night concert a friend of mine expressed fears that he was not acting up to good form in attending in anything but a dress suit. But he concluded that his form was all right when he saw an exceedingly warm gentleman enjoying the performance in blissful nakedness of collar or necktie.

At the banquet on Wednesday night the jovial side of the German character was most apparent. My nostrils yet carry the odor of the hall before the guests arrived and consumed the viands. It is a mingling of onions, schweitzer cheese and sausage, and of as yet unopened lager kegs. Considering the fact that the guests had been drinking all day and that it was eleven o'clock at night when the banquet was held, the capacity for liquid of some very medium sized men was immense. Lager was free as air, and during the hour that the banquet lasted was taken into the participant's bodies with almost the same rapidity. Germans, when they have consumed some twenty-five or thirty glasses of lager like to "jolly" one another, and jokes and laughter passed fast and furious. The edge then was gone for me, however, for I do not know German.

The picnic at Dundurn gave occasion for consumption of more lager, and the members of each society with their womankind went through the ceremony of a communal drink out of their great horn. The dance would have been a success had not too many of the gentlemen had an overweening desire to combine a polka, a waltz and a highland fling all by themselves. Hamilton was rather dead on Friday, though, when the strangers went away, and but for the fine public library and a some chawing actor who amused if he didn't thrill it would have been pretty dreary there. Hamilton has a fine public library though, which it appreciates, if what the attendants say is true. It also appreciates its XIII. Band and its mountain and inclined railway and its Gore, and it might have had a city hall worth appreciating if it had not tried to finish the tower with ten or fifteen dollars. It also has the sainted memories of its carnival and its saengerfest to appreciate, and it is also proud of the bloodthirsty pen of its *Spectator* when it stabs Toronto.

TOUCHSTONE.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

The Author Himself.

It is your direct, unhesitating, intent, headlong man, who has sources in the mountains, who digs deep channels for himself in the soil of his times and expands into the mighty river, who becomes a landmark forever; and not your "broad" man, sprung from the schools, who spreads into shallow, extended waters over the wide surfaces of learning, to leave rich deposits, it may be, for other men's crops to grow in, but to be himself dried up by a few score summer noons. The man thrown early upon his own resources, and already become a conqueror of success before being thrown with the literary talkers; the man grown to giant's stature in some rural library, and become exercised there in a giant's prerogatives before ever he has been laughingly told, to his heart's confusion, of scores of other giants dead and forgotten long ago; the man grounded in hope and settled in conviction ere he has discovered how many hopes time has seen buried, how many convictions cruelly given the lie direct by fate; the man who has carried his youth into middle age before going into the chill atmosphere of *blase* sentiment; the quiet, stern man who has cultivated literature on a little oatmeal before thrusting himself upon the great world as a prophet and seer; the man who pronounces new eloquence in the rich dialect in which he was bred; the man come up to the capital from the provinces,—these are the men who people the world's mind with new creations, and give to the sophisticated learned of the next generation new names to conjure with.—*Atlantic.*

At the Telephone.

Affable Merchant—You say you want to see me about renting a store, sir? Yes, sir; I'll call on you the first thing in the— What? —Oh, you want to be one! (Hangs up receiver.) I wish these blank-blankety nuisances would give a man time to attend to his own business.

HOMEWARD BOUND:

A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

By T. E. SOUTHEE

Author of "Weatherbound," "Waterlogged," Etc., Etc.

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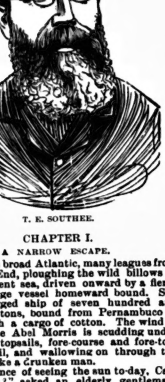

T. E. SOUTHEE.

CHAPTER I.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Out in the broad Atlantic, many leagues from the Land's End, ploughing the wild billows of that turbulent sea, driven onward by a fierce gale, is a large vessel homeward bound. She is a full-rigged ship of seven hundred and sixty-three tons, bound from Pernambuco to London with a cargo of cotton. The wind is fair and the Abel Morris is scudding under close-reefed topsails, fore-course and fore-top-mast-staysail, and wallowing on through the great seas like a drunken man.

"Any chance of seeing the sun to-day, Captain Jobson?" asked an elderly gentleman, who was a passenger on board.

"Can't say, sir," replied the captain, "doesn't look much like it at present."

"We seem to be blundering on at a great rate," continued the old gentleman. "How much was she going when you hove the log?"

"Over ten knots, allowing for the send of the sea."

"And you said yesterday you were not at all sure of the ship's position."

"Neither am I, my dear sir; but a degree or two of longitude in this part of the ocean is not of much consequence. Still, if the weather does not clear up, and we get a sight of the sun, I shall heave to and wait till the gale has blown out."

"A very wise resolution," said Mr. Somers, "I suppose we are not in soundings yet?"

"I don't think so; but we are not far from the edge of them."

"Sail in sight, sir, hard on the starboard quarter," called out the second mate, putting his head down the companion.

"How is she steering," asked Captain Jobson.

"About east, north east, I should say," replied the second mate. "She's a barque, under single reefed topsails and fore course."

"Let her come up a point or so, Mr. Wheeler, as near east by south as you can keep her: we might speak her and get her longitude."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response, and then he continued, "she seems to have sighted us and is edging down; she steers so wildly."

"Eleven thirty west, and forty-nine sixteen north, that's where I make her," said the mate, who had been pricking off the ship's position on the chart.

"That's right," answered Captain Jobson, "we shall be in soundings by daybreak."

"I shouldn't wonder if we were in soundings now," said Mr. Hurd; "I always distrust dead reckonings, especially in these latitudes; the question is have we made enough allowance for the set of the current and the action of the swell; a cast of the lead would settle the matter."

"Just so," replied the captain; "but we'll speak to this fellow first, and hear what he says," and he passed up the companion, and went on deck.

It was no wonder that Captain Jobson, and indeed all on board the Abel Morris, were anxious as to the position of the ship. Steering for the mouth of the English Channel in thick weather, without any means of revising the dead reckoning by observation, is a hazardous work; but more particularly so when there has been a long continuance of westerly gales. As a rule the currents set east, right into the entrance of the channel; but sometimes the long swells, rolling into the Bay of Biscay, accumulate a head of water in the out of the bay, which, finding no exit in a southerly direction, pours out north-west, along the coast of France, and forms a temporary but decided current passing the line of the channel's mouth. The effect of this is to sweep vessels northward, and instead of making a good land fall, many ships find themselves miles out of their course, or land locked in some of the large bays on the Cornish coast.

Previous to sighting the barque, Captain Jobson, as we have seen, had been debating in his own mind the advisability of shortening sail, or heaving to till the weather cleared; but now, here was this little whipper-snapper of a barque, not half his tonnage, carrying on, with only one reef down, and overhauling him fast, and he was not going to be beaten in this fashion or show the white feather, while this fellow was in sight.

The "Abel Morris," though perhaps the slower vessel of the two, steered beautifully, one of the greatest virtues a ship can possess, especially in the circumstances in which she was placed.

With a fair wind and a following sea it is very difficult to keep a vessel's head in a direct line. There are times when the sea travels faster than the ship, and then the helm is powerless, or its action reversed. If at these times a wave strikes the ship's quarter, she takes a sheer, and is driven sideways before the sea for some considerable distance. It is impossible to prevent this in the best steering ships, and all that can be done is to get the vessel under command again as quickly as possible. The merit of the Abel Morris was that she obeyed her helm beautifully, and was soon brought back to her proper course again; while the barque astern pursued such an uncertain and zig zag course that, though she was the faster ship of the two, and carried more canvas she did not progress very much more rapidly.

The group on the quarter deck of the Abel Morris was an interesting one. In addition to the Captain and Mr. Somers, were two young ladies and a little boy of about seven years old. From their likeness to the old gentleman it was evident that they were his children. One was six or seven and twenty, and was dressed in widow's weeds, and the other, a blooming girl of seventeen. They were singularly good looking, but the most picturesque and striking figure in the group was that of John Somers. His age might be about sixty-five; he was tall, a man of large proportions, and somewhat bowed in figure, with a placid and venerable countenance. His forehead was high, his features regular and almost faultless in their proportions, while a pair of dark grey eyes lighted with a kindly expression a face which no one could look upon without pleasure. Besides the slight stoop, the only thing which betokened age was his hair, which was perfectly white, descending in long waving curls, of silky softness, almost to his shoulders. He was a patriarchal old gentleman, with pleasant manners, and a voice clear and musical as a bell.

No two men could be in greater contrast as they stood clinging to the mizzen rigging than Captain Jobson and his venerable passenger. The former, big, portly, and bronzed, the latter pale and intellectual, and yet in nature no two men could be nearer akin.

Captain Jobson was a seaman and John Somers was a landsman, but they were both possessed by the same sense of duty. The Captain was a strict disciplinaarian, but a kinder hearted or more honorable man never breathed.

The two vessels were now running in parallel lines not more than half a mile apart, but such was the height of the seas that they were half their time invisible to one another. When the Abel Morris was in the trough of the sea nothing could be seen from the deck but two walls of water and the sky above; it was only when they rose simultaneously on the top of the seas that their hulls were visible one to another. At these occasions the fore mizzen hatch, on which was chalked the latitude and longitude, were hung in the main rigging of the Abel Morris, and simultaneously a similar board was exhibited on board the barque, on which was chalked Lat. 40 53 N., Long., 11, 53 W. This, so far, was satisfactory. There was no material difference, except such as would result from the different positions of the two ships at noon, and Captain Jobson had just ordered the helm a-starboard with a view to the Abel Morris sheering off to port, when a sea struck her stern and not only neutralised his intention, but gave the ship a sheer in the contrary direction.

The two vessels were now in the opposite troughs of the same billow, and consequently nothing could be seen of the barque. When, however, she came in sight she had taken one of those wild yaws which characterized her steering, and unfortunately—it was to port. In another minute they were each on the top of opposite acclivities, sailing at right angles, the Abel Morris flying right across the barque's course. It was a fearful position, for such was the velocity at which the two were traveling that if they came into collision their mutual destruction was inevitable.

Once more they lost sight of one another, and Captain Jobson thinking that his best chance was to hold on the present course, righted his helm and took a small pull at the lee braces, which, bringing the wind on her beam sent the Abel Morris flying along the side of the retiring billow at a greatly accelerated speed. She was in the trough just as the barque rose over the crest of the coming billow and was plunging down the acclivitous slope with fearful momentum. The Abel Morris, on the contrary, was almost becalmed in the great valley below. So that if the two ships did not alter their course a collision would be a matter of certainty. Seeing this Captain Jobson ordered his helm hard-a-starboard and shivered the main and mizzen topsails. At any rate if it did nothing else it would diminish the force of the shock, and by this means total destruction prevented.

For a moment it seemed as though the ship was sluggish and would not answer her helm. Then she began to slowly pay off. The topsails filled and the helm was righted. By this time the barque was not more than thirty fathoms from the Abel Morris, and it now depend entirely upon the direction which the barque's sheer might take whether they would collide or not.

At this moment when Captain Jobson sent up a hasty prayer for himself, his passengers, and crew, when he was clutching the mizzen mainmast stay, and Mrs. Somers was in anticipation of the shock, the barque rolled slowly to starboard, and the two vessels sheered off in opposite directions. This forth-right divergence proved both vessels, but so near a shave was it that as the barque passed under the Abel Morris' stern you might have thrown a biscuit on board of her.

It was a breathless moment, and even when the danger was passed it was some seconds before there can be heard the Abel Morris could realize the fact that the peril was over.

Mr. Somers, who had been watching with keen interest the manoeuvres of the two vessels, was standing bare headed, and his white hair streaming in the wind. He had fully realized how near they had all been to eternity, and he drew a deep breath when the danger was over. He advanced to the capstan, and beckoning the crew towards him, said, "My friends, by the merciful interposition of a Divine Providence we have been saved from what might have been swift and sudden destruction, let us therefore give thanks and praise the Almighty God for this great deliverance."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate. "For His mercy endureth for ever!"

I was a picturesque and interesting sight as they stood in a group round the capstan. The venerable old man, with head uplifted, his eyes raised to Heaven, and his musical voice rising above the shrill piping of the gale; the two fair girls standing on either side, with their brown hair streaming in the wind; the stalwart forms of the sailors, bareheaded, and the mates and the captain, all looking on and listening with reverence.

The prayer offered by Mr. Somers was short, earnest, and impressive. It was beautiful in its faithful simplicity, and there was not a person present but understood every word. He had finished they were in the trough of a great sea, and down the long valley of waters, about a mile to the windward, was the barque rising on the top of the sea.

"Adieu, my fine fellow!" said the skipper. "You are a smart little chap enough, but I'd rather have your room than your company!"

That was the last they saw of the barque, for shortly after this the sky grew heavier and the rain in the distance thickened, and the remainder of the day the Abel Morris moved on, now rolling to starboard, and now lurching to port, her bulkheads and timbers groaning as she rose and fell upon the long Atlantic billows.

Before the night closed in Captain Jobson decided to heave to and wait for the morning before he made his landfall. It had been satisfactory to find his own reckoning and that of the barque's had so closely agreed, but he was not that they were in no way dependable. The two vessels were running down the same parallel, and consequently had been influenced by the same currents and set of the sea, and therefore they both might have been in error.

"We'll clew up the topsails and stow them, Mr. Hurd, and then wait for a smooth," said Captain Jobson.

When this was done the fore-course was hauled up and secured, the helm put down, and the mizzen staysail set, and the Abel Morris rode over the great Atlantic billows like a duck on the water, scarcely ever shipping a sea.

CHAPIER II.

EMBAYED.

All night it had blown heavily, the day broke hard and cold, and, to make matters worse, the gale was now supplemented by squalls of snow and sleet.

Before running off with his course Captain Jobson took a cast of the deep-sea lead, and found, to his surprise, only forty-nine fathoms, sand and ooze. Certainly he had overrun his reckoning, how much he could not for the moment tell.

"We must be to the eastward of Scilly, sir," said the mate.

"Not a doubt of it, Mr. Hurd," replied the captain.

"What do you mean to do, sir?"

"Well, I don't think we can afford to lose this wind. We shall, in all probability, carry it right up into the Downs," said the captain.

"It's very thick, sir," was the reply, "and we might blunder into some danger before we knew where we were. Still, if we look out sharply, and keep the lead going, we may get on all right."

As soon as the people had finished their breakfast the fore topmast staysail was set, the topsails were loosed, and the ship wore round with her head to the eastward. The mizzen staysail was hauled down, and the fore-course was set and the Abel Morris was once more wallowing on, through the driving seas, towards the Straits of Dover.

The weather snowed no signs of improvement. The gale was increasing, and the snow fell almost continuously. Twelve o'clock came, but the sun was invisible, and consequently no observations could be taken.

Captain Jobson walked the deck restless and uneasy. His two mates were on the forecastle gazing ahead into the snow and mist, as if they expected every minute to behold the land.

Suddenly the captain shouted "Man the braces! Hard a port! Down with the helm!"

The men flew to their stations, and in a quarter less than no time the yards were braced forward, the fore-tack was boarded, the spanker was set, and the Abel Morris was tearing away on a bowline, with her lee scuppers under water.

As soon as the ship was trimmed by the wind, Captain Jobson called the chief mate aft. "Come here, Mr. Hurd," he said. "Just listen attentively."

When he had done so he glanced at the captain in surprise, and said "Breakers, and no mistake!"

"Yes, and not so very far distant; but the noise is less distinct than it was. Take a cast of the lead and see what water we have got."

"By the deep nine!" cried the man in the chains; and then a minute later "and a half ten!"

"That's all right so far," said Captain Jobson. "Go forward and tell Wheeler to keep a sharp look-out for land."

"The ship, under the influence of the gale, was flying over the great seas at racehorse speed—now burying herself to the hawse-holes, and sending tons of water fore and aft, and now pointing her bowsprit up to the heavens, and now down into the deep. Still, though the labour was heavily, the Abel Morris was under the circumstances, making much better weather of it than many a larger craft would have done.

The sudden change in the ship's course, while it startled Mr. Somers and his daughters, did not add to their comfort. The ship was more steady—that is, she did not roll and lurch as she did when she was running before the wind, yet the inclination of her deck was such as to render locomotion difficult, if not impossible.

Anxious to see what had caused this sudden change in this state of affairs, Mr. Somers and his daughters had managed to make their way out on to the quarter-deck, and, clinging to the companion, were regarding the scene with awe and admiration. They had not been there long when they discovered, and then, far on the weather bow, looming grandly in the distance, was a great headland, with a lighthouse on its most easterly point.

Mr. Somers as well as the captain, took in the situation at a glance. They were both conscious of the danger which had suddenly presented itself in their path, and they were both calm and tranquil. The two women were pale and excited, gazing anxiously at the beautiful and frowning promontory, which every minute became more distinct.

"Ready, about!" sang out the captain.

"She'll never do it, sir," said the mate as he went forward to his station.

"She must and she will!" was the reply.

Captain Jobson knew, as well as his chief mate could tell him, that he was about to do a bold and hazardous thing in attempting to tack the vessel in such a sea; but he could not afford to lose an inch of ground, and he determined to stand the hazards of the die. It was not every ship that would have stayed in such a gale, but Captain Jobson knew his craft and, watching his opportunity, he whipped her round on the opposite tack, and in a few minutes she was heading away westward, and the great headland was slowly fading away in the distance.

Away into the thick of a great squall, riding like a bird over the great billows, went the Abel Morris. She seemed as if conscious that the lives of some thirty persons were at stake and she was doing her best to preserve them, and it did Mr. Somers's heart good to see how beautifully the ship was handled, and how nobly the old craft behaved.

In rather less than an hour another great promontory rose up to bar their progress. It was a more formidable headland than that at the eastern extremity of the bay, high and precipitous, with broken masses of rock, by landing far into the sea, which boiled and tossed at its base in the wildest confusion.

"Rather a bad case I'm afraid," said Mr. Somers.

"Yes, certainly!" replied Captain Jobson, "but we'll thrash her out of it, if everything stands."

"Yes, if everything stands," said Mr. Somers, "but if not that broken water under our lee looks very awkward."

"I know it does, sir," answered the captain, "but, please God, we'll keep clear of it."

Several times during the afternoon the weather cleared and they got a sight of the coast, in shore, and the great reef under their lee. There was land on three sides of them, high rocky cliffs, extending some miles in either direction, along the base of which the sea broke in angry violence, rendering drowning nearly inevitable to the mariner, shipwrecked on this rock-bound coast. There, too, was much more extensive than Captain Jobson's first impression had led him to believe, and presented more than a couple of miles of raging and tossing billows, now and again bursting up into great clouds of spray.

The time passed anxiously, though as sunset approached, the weather moderated, and the ship worked more easily. But the abatement in the wind did not last, and as night closed around them the gale came back with all its old, if not with increased violence.

In the midst of a great squall of snow and sleet, the wind suddenly veered round to the westward, and the ship broke off a couple of points.

"About ship! haul down fore top mast-staysail!" roared the Captain, and then to the man at the wheel, "keep her rap full!"

The men flew to their stations, the helm was slowly put down, the fore-sail came down, and vessel flew up into the wind. Captain Jobson was on the point of giving the order "mainsail haul," when a sea struck under her weather bow and she began to fall off on the same tack as she was before, and the next instant was racing away towards the reef "at ten or eleven knots."

The situation was a critical one and Captain Jobson tried her again; but the sea was too heavy for her and refused to go round. There was nothing left now but to wear. In this operation more ground was lost, and the roar of the breakers became more audible.

Night came on, the sky was black and lowering, and great masses of scud, as the flew across the angry sea, dipped down almost to the water's edge. The poor Abel Morris struggled on through howling wind and the driving snow; but the tide was now against her and her leeway was tremendous. It had just struck two bells and the men were getting their tea. The ship was rising on an enormous billow, when three or four reports were heard, and the main topmast went crashing over the side, taking the mizzen mast and the whole of the gear with it.

The ship, thus deprived of all after sail, bore up and went dashing on, spite of the helm being hard a starboard.

"Clew up everything and let go the anchor!" shouted Captain Jobson; but before anything could be done the vessel struck and came to a sudden standstill, as though she had struck against a wall. The next instant she was lifted on an enormous breaker and carried bodily forward, coming down on the rocks with a crash which knocked the greater part of the crew off their legs, and she was thrown a foot towards the stem. Another breaker followed, carrying away the long boat and pinnace; tearing the quarter boats from their lashings and sweeping the deck of everything movable.

When the sea left her there was just enough light left to see the havoc which the storm had produced on the ship, which in the morning was a noble piece of naval architecture, was now a helpless wreck. Her last cruise was ended, she was never destined to breast the billows again. Nothing in the way of sea manship could be of any service; all that could be done now was to preserve the lives of the crew and passengers, and this seemed exceedingly problematical.

The scene on the reef was of the wildest and most tumultuous description; all around was one mass of seething, tossing waves, which ever and anon broke over the poor ship, or else, lifted on the breast of a giant billow, she was carried forward higher on to the reef, and then dashed back on to the rocks with a violence which made her stout timbers snap off like pipe staves.

After a time Captain Jobson and the mate, with some of the crew, made an ineffectual attempt to get one of the quarter-boats out, and send up some rockets. The former was a dead failure; but with care every now and again they succeeded in sending up a rocket.

It was within two hours of high water when the ship struck. Two long hours they were to the crew and passengers of the Abel Morris. She had now been driven so high upon the rocks that Captain Jobson thought when the tide turned she would in all probability be left high and dry; but the question was, would she hold together until the water receded?

Time dragged on slowly, the danger was great, and many there were that hearts fail. The wind was blowing almost a hurricane, howling and shrieking in a maniacal sort of agony; the vessel was crashing and groaning, and every blow, showing evident signs of breaking up. These, with the hoarse roaring of the breakers as they dashed with thunderous noise upon the reef, not only rendered intercourse impossible, but presented a picture of horror and desolation which is difficult to conceive and impossible to adequately describe.

Hour after hour passed in fearful suspense. The tide was falling now, it was true; it seemed to those on the rocks, however, to be going so very slowly. The ship beat heavily, and the rushes of the breakers continued. At last, towards midnight, the wind abated, the vessel became more steady, and settled down quietly in her rocky bed.

Hungry and half perished with the cold, the men sheltered themselves as best they could in the darkness from the biting wind and falling hail and snow, under what still remained of the weather bulwarks. Suddenly they were startled by a bright light in the cuddy. One by one, at the call of the mate, they crawled aft, and answered to his name.

"Thank God!" he said when the list was ended, "all safe thus far."

The scene at this moment was a grimly picturesque one. The wan and haggard faces of the men, their eyes eager and doubtful, starting almost out of their heads; their lank hair drenched with the spray—all stood out in strong relief against the black darkness of the night.

At this juncture Mr. Somers addressed them.

"My men," he said, "I want to say a few words of comfort and encouragement to you all, as St. Paul did under similar circumstances," and he took up a Bible and read: "I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship," and he closed the book.

"I have read this, my friends," he continued, "for your comfort because it is as applicable to us as it was to St. Paul and his companions. God is able to answer prayer, and I believe that he will answer mine. It is not by many words that He is to be entreated, it is by simple faith and trust that His mercy is to be obtained. Situated as we are, with such a display of His majesty and power before us, we feel our utter helplessness, but if we could only realize it He is watching over us as much now as when the sea is calm and the sun shining brightly; therefore, I say again with St. Paul 'be of good cheer.' I do not say it boastfully, but like him, 'I have kept a good fight,' and something tells me I have not yet finished my course, and it may be that God will give me all there shall still remain to me."

A wave of hope seemed to pass over the faces of the men as the old man's clear voice came to them above the howling of the tempest. It was a sight which if once seen could never be forgotten. Its grouping was both artistic and dramatic. The grand old man in the center, His hair and long silver beard flowing, and trustful expression of his pale face, the light that beamed from his clear gray eyes, and his slowly put down, the face would make up a picture that no one could look on without admiration and emotion. All through that long and anxious night they continued to watch and wait and pray. The storm raged with fresh fury. Rockets had been fired, flares had been lighted, and guns had been fired, but there had been no answer.

It was past two o'clock. The snow squalls had ceased, and here and there, through breaks in the clouds, bright stars peeped forth for a moment and then disappeared again! The sky to windward was wild and lurid; but away in the west there was a bit of clear sky, where the moon was shining and occasionally was just sinking into the sea. Gradually as it sank it tinged the masses above and the dark sea underneath with a sanguinary flush.

But this state of things did not last long. Clouds from windward came rolling up black as ink, and the storm thundered down on them worse than ever.

Would the gale never cease! Would the day never break! These were the thoughts which passed through their minds, as they sat and watched for the first gray light of dawn in the east, and when it did appear they sought with straining eyes to penetrate the twilight, to discover what was the probability of succour coming before the tide rose.

During the half hour before daylight the great hungry waves had been drawing nearer and nearer; and the noise of the breakers more distinct, and now the ship began to lift and roll in her rocky bed. She was breaking up fast, the foremast went by the board. She

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3d. Then wash lightly through a luke-warm rinse water, which will take out the suds.

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had broken her back, and the cargo was being washed out and borne away to leeward.

Despair and almost denial of hope, was the position of the thirty-three souls sheltering in the cuddy and in the round house of the Abel Morris. As the daylight increased their view became more extended. The sad sight and hate that hung about the horizon lifted, and now and again bright gleams of sunshine broke out and passed swiftly over the white-crested waves.

Far as the eye could see was the tossing sea on the one side and the rock-bound coast on the other, and though Captain Jobson and Mr. Hurd were sweeping the sea with their glasses not a sign of coming succor could be discovered.

Gradually the sky began to clear and the force of the gale abated, but the giant strength of the huge rollers that broke on the reef did not seem in any way to be diminished.

It seemed hard to die on such a day, hard to think of the darkness of death in the presence of such brilliant sunshine, but cold and hunger and the lassitude of despair was creeping over them, and hope vanished.

The hours sped on, every minute was precious, and yet they seemed to drag on like lead. At times some one would steal out and climb into the rigging and peer eagerly into the distance, to see if help was coming, but to them it did not seem possible that upon the English coast they would be left to perish without some effort being made to save them; but nothing could be seen.

It was now past high water, and each succeeding wave was carrying away some portion of the wreck, but the after part seemed so firmly fixed between the rocks as to defy the waves, and the round house still offered them a partial shelter.

Suddenly there came a wild cry from the rigging, and then a man with a haggard face, and with a strange light in his eyes, burst into the cabin, crying, "Saved! saved!" and then he fell insensible on the deck as if he was in a fit.

While some tried to restore him to consciousness, others went out to see what had caused this extraordinary agitation; among the latter was Captain Jobson, who, as soon as he got into the rigging, cried out in joyous tones "Hurrah! A boat! A boat! The lifeboat!"

At this cry they all seemed to awake as from a stupor, and poor Captain Jobson rushed into the cuddy and burst into tears.

Yes, it was indeed true, help was coming, but would it arrive in time? The wreck was still far off, and every rolling sea which struck the wreck made it heave and quiver, as if in the throes of dissolution, and caused them to feel how frail was the tenor on which their lives depended.

The lifeboat approached nearer and nearer; the suspense, the agony of hope and fear, was painful. She came, dancing and dipping over the green waves, the oarblades flashing in the sunlight.

It would be impossible to describe the tumultuous joy of the poor half-drowned creatures on aboard the Abel Morris, as the boat each minute came nearer. She was to them like a reprieve from a sentence of death. They were all half frantic with expectation, except the captain and the mate, who knew from the situation of the wreck that unless they could effect a communication with the lifeboat there would be considerable difficulty in effecting their rescue.

At last, she was under their lee, and a line with a buoy attached was thrown overboard. It was picked up, and after a deal of veering and hauling, she was got safely along side the wreck. The boat lifted and plunged and the ship, or what was left of her, groaned and creaked and rolled, and, therefore, the rescue was not made without much danger and difficulty.

The two women and the child were the first, the latter was thrown in the air and caught by the lifeboat men. The two girls at the word sprang fearlessly into the men's arms, and then followed Mr. Somers and the crew, and and last of all the mate and the captain. All saved!

The line was cast off, the two lugs were hoisted, and the lifeboat is speeding towards the land. Despair is over. Cold and hunger are forgotten. Suspense is ended. They are saved and the long sad vigil of the night seems like a dream that is passed.

THE END.

Next week: Stop Thief! by Florence Marryat, author of Fighting the Air, &c.

Soothing Magic.

The unspeakable comfort in feeling pain pass away is well set forth by Mr. Albert Heese, Clayton, Mo., U. S. A., August 1, 1889, who says: "I suffered fourteen days with a sprained wrist, and a swelling formed, growing larger and larger. It disappeared as if by magic after using one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil." It is the best remedy.

In Terror of Death.

"You know," said Manuel, "what a sorrowful day for Tarragona was June 28, 1811. But you cannot imagine the horrors attending the taking of city. You did not see five thousand Spaniards perish in ten hours: you did not see houses and churches in flames; you did not see unarmed old men, and women, women slaughtered in cold blood; you did not see the modesty of maidens, the dignity of matrons, the sanctity of nuns outraged. You did not see pillage and drunkenness mingling with lust and murder. You did not see, in short, one of the greatest exploits of the conqueror of the world, the hero of our age, the demi-god Napoleon!

"I saw it all! I saw the sick rise from the bed of suffering, dragging after them their sheets, like shrouds, to perish at the hands of foreign soldiers on the threshold over which the day before had passed the Viaticum! I saw lying in the street the body of a woman they had slaughtered, and at her side her infant still nursing at its dead mother's breast. I saw the husband, with hands tied together, witnessing the dishonor of the wife; children weeping with terror at the horrors that surrounded them; despair and insolence taking refuge in suicide; impiety insulting the dead. "Dangerously wounded and unable to take further part in the conflict, I fled for refuge to Clara's house.

"Full of anguish and terror, she stood at the window fearing for my life and risking her own to see me in case I should chance to pass through the street.

"I entered and fastened the door, but my pursuers had already caught sight of Clara—and she was so beautiful!

"They saluted her with a roar of savage joy and a burst of brutal laughter. A moment more and the door would yield to the axe and the flames. We were lost!

"Clara's mother, carrying in her arms her year-old babe, led us to the cistern or reservoir of the house, which was very deep and which was now dry, as no rain had fallen for several months, and there we concealed ourselves. This cistern, the floor of which was paved with some white yards square, and which was entered by a steep underground flight of steps, narrowed, toward the top, like the mouth of a well, and opened into the center of the courtyard, where a breast-work was built around it, above which two buckets were suspended from hooks attached to an iron bar for drawing water.

"The child I have spoken of, whose name was Miguel, was Clara's brother, that is to say, the youngest child of the unhappy woman whom the French had just made a widow.

"In the cistern we four might find safety. Seen from the yard, the cistern seemed a simple well. The French would think we had made our escape by the roof.

"They soon declared that such was the case, uttering horrible oaths while they rested themselves in the shady yard, in the centre of which was the cistern.

"Yes, we were saved! Clara bound up my bleeding hand, her mother nursed Miguel, and I, although I was shivering from the chill which had followed the fever caused by my wound, smiled with happiness.

"At this moment, I noticed that the soldiers, wishing, doubtless, to slake their thirst, were trying to draw water from the cistern in which we were concealed.

"Picture to yourselves our anguish at that instant.

"We drew aside to make way for the bucket, which descended until it touched the floor.

"We scarcely dared to breathe.

"The bucket was drawn up again.

"The well is dry!" cried the soldiers.

"There must be water upstairs!" exclaimed one.

"They are going away!" we all said to ourselves.

"What if they should be concealed in this well!" cried a voice in Catalan.

"Clara, a renegade!—a Spaniard who had betrayed us!

"What nonsense!" responded the Frenchman; "they could not have got down there so suddenly!

"That is true," responded the renegade.

"They did not know that the cistern could be reached by an underground passage, whose door or trap, carefully concealed in the floor of a dark cellar, somewhat distant from the house, it would be almost impossible to discover. We had, however, committed the imprudence of locking the iron grating which shut off the communication between the cistern and the passage, and we could not open it without making a great deal of noise.

"Imagine, then, the cruel fluctuations between hope and fear, with which we had listened to the dialogue carried on by those wretches on the very brink of the well. From the corners in which we were crouching we could see the shadow of their heads, moving within the circle of light on the floor of the cistern. Every second seemed an eternity.

"At this moment the babe Miguel began to cry.

"But at his first whimper his mother silenced the sounds that threatened to betray our hiding place, pressing the infant's tender face into her bosom.

"'I think you hear that?' cried some one in the yard above.

"'I heard nothing,' responded another.

"'Let us listen,' said the renegade.

"Two horrible minutes passed.

"Miguel struggled to get his voice, and the more closely his mother pressed his face into her bosom, the more violent and desperate was the struggle.

"But not the slightest sound was audible.

"It must have been an echo!" exclaimed the soldiers.

"Yes, that was it!" assented the renegade.

"And they all took their departure, and we could hear the noise of their steps and the clanking of their sabers slowly dying away in the direction of the gate.

"The danger was passed!

"But, alas! our deliverance had come too late.

"Baby Miguel neither cried nor struggled now.

"He was dead!"—*Translated from the Spanish of Pedro de Alacron by Mary J. Serrano.*

Our Peculiar Predicament.

Hero was the noblest specimen of doghood I had ever seen. He had been presented to my wife as one of the prizes of her wedding presents by a cousin of hers, and perhaps it was for this reason that we both thought more of this St. Bernard, singular gift though it was, than of many of the handsomest pieces of silver with which our friends had remembered us.

One thing only worried us—the dog persisted in growing at such an alarming rate. Already he was higher than the railing on the piazza, and, as Gertrude always made a pet of him and enjoyed having him in the parlor, I began to look forward with some apprehension to the time when she would be obliged to choose between him and myself, for our cottage was a very tiny one.

But all my fears in this respect were utterly forgotten when Betty, our maid, rushed up to our room one morning before breakfast and announced that Hero couldn't be found. I felt in that moment that I wouldn't care if he grew to the size of an elephant, if only we had him safe.

I cautioned Betty not to tell my wife the news yet, then hurriedly finished my toilet and went out to the kennel to investigate into matters myself.

It was too true. The chain was broken, looking as if it had been cut by some sharp instrument, and the kennel was empty. Our noble dog had undoubtedly been stolen.

Well, there was a deuced time when Gertrude found it out, as find it out she had to before breakfast, as Hero was always considered as much a part of that meal as the coffee. She insisted on going out to the kennel herself and wept and wrung her hands when she beheld its emptiness and the severed chain.

"Oh, Dick," she wailed, "it's almost as bad as losing our wedding ring. Think, he was one of my presents! I'm sure something worse is going to happen."

Something worse did happen. Gertrude insisted that I should stay away from town and scour the surrounding country in search for Hero, which I did; and although I did not find the dog, I did find the next day that I had missed the opportunity of selling a piece of property to old Richfellow, who dropped in, which would have overpaid me a commission out of which I could have purchased five hundred Heroes.

A week went by, and no tidings of the missing member of our family. I wrote a notice and had it pasted up in the post office, announcing that a handsome reward would be paid, for the return of "the below described dog."

I wanted to add "and no questions asked," but Gertrude declared that if the thieves got the reward they ought to be willing to bear the punishment, and no amount of argument on my part could convince her of the fallacy of her reasoning.

The same notice was inserted in the county paper on Saturday, and anxiously we awaited the result. But it seemed as if there wasn't going to be any; then, just as I thought I would attempt to re-open the argument with Gertrude on the "no questions asked" matter, Betty dashed into the dining-room one night with the breathless announcement:

"Oh, missus, Hero's come back, and the boy says he wants the money."

We had a guest to dinner, but, without waiting to apologize, my wife and I made a rush for the rear piazza. There, at the back door, stood one of those sallow faced, grave looking country boys who are a constant refutation of the time-worn assertion that town bred lads have no chance for health with their cousins in the rural districts.

"Hero!" cried Gertrude, and, regardless of the passementerie trimming on her skirt, she sank down upon her knees on the doorstep and threw her arms around the dog's neck.

He seemed no less delighted, and licked her face till I interfered, and suggested that she had better ask the question she had reserved to herself the privilege of asking. But as the boy's response was delivered every one was "Dunno," she obtained but little satisfaction. The only other thing he would say was "Gimme de reward!" suddenly recollecting our deserted guest, I handed him a five dollar bill, and was glad to get rid of him at the price.

Of course Hero was installed in state back to the dining-room, and the rest of the evening was devoted to dog talk. But it was so gratifying to see Gertrude her old gay self that I thought I could stand any reflections Gadser might make on our qualities as hosts.

The next morning I went to town in a more cheerful frame of mind than I had enjoyed for the past ten days. Hero back, the home life would flow on in the quiet, blissful grooves of yore.

Imagine, then, my horrified amazement on walking up the path to the cottage that evening at beholding Gertrude leave the porch in undisguised excitement as soon as she beheld me.

"Dick, Dick," she cried, "a terrible thing has happened!"

"What, has Hero gone again?" I asked.

"No, come," she half sobbed, catching me by the coat sleeve and hurrying me on still faster to the cottage.

She piloted me around to the back door, and here, sleeping peacefully side by side, I beheld two Heroes!

"What does this mean?" I gasped, as much astounded at the spectacle as my wife had expected me to be. "Where did this other one come from, and—and which is our Hero?"

"That is the awful part of it," sobbed Gertrude. "We don't know. They both answer to the name, and neither had a collar on. This one—the last one—came bounding into the yard this morning soon after you went away."

"Then, if he found his way back by himself, he must be our Hero," I replied. "Which one is it?" and I advanced and surveyed the sleeping animals critically.

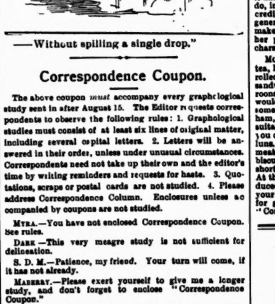
"I—I—we don't know," responded Gertrude again. "The other one came out just then, and we got them mixed, and neither Betty nor I can tell the difference. Oh, Dick, can you help us?"

I tried my best. I roused up the dogs and examined them closely, but could arrive at no definite conclusion. As fast as I decided that one was our Hero, some mark or act on the part of the other would cause me to alter my mind.

It was truly a terrible predicament. Here we were with two great dogs on our hands, either one of which was a gift we felt we could afford to keep, and yet we were afraid to give either one of them away for fear it would be the wrong one, the right one.

I wrote another notice, asking if any one had lost a St. Bernard dog, and describing the occurrence in the same way as I had done in the first notice. And my friends read it and looked at me queerly, and nothing came of it. The two Heroes are still on our hands, and each night Gertrude meets me with the announcement that she has solved the vexed question, but as often is utterly unable to tell which dog she had settled upon as being really our Hero. Meanwhile they are both growing, and the future looks ominous.

"I'll just show you, Matilda, how I used to be able to swing a pail of water around my head—"



"Without spilling a single drop."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MIA.—You have not enclosed Correspondence Coupon. See rules.

DARK.—This very meagre study is not sufficient for delineation.

S. D. M.—Patience, my friend. Your turn will come, if it has not already.

MARGARY.—Please exert yourself to give me a longer study, and don't forget to enclose "Correspondence Coupon."

ADELE D'A.—1. The pink powder is rouge and is used for polishing metals as well and several other things. No, it is not injurious to the nails. 2. Writing does not seem sufficiently formed to make a satisfactory study.

E. THOM.—Nos. 1. and 2—Private studies are not sent without a fee. Surely your own common sense would tell you that a critique thus is too valuable to spend in the form of private graphological studies to anyone who chooses to demand them.

MAGE.—Writing shows a genial, hopeful and kind nature, not free from selfishness, but with no narrowness or stinginess, impulse is strong but generally elevated, perseverance good, and writer probably takes great delight in social intercourse and all of life's pleasures, shows some tact and good judgment.

PRAISE.—1. Writing shows intuitive perception, amiability, love of praise, good sense and a well balanced nature, neither over hopeful nor despondent. It lacks force and firmness, but I fancy writer has not arrived at an age suitable for delineation. The writing shows care and some taste. 2. See rules. Both are interesting studies.

AUTHEIRA.—I cannot quite make out your *nom de plume*. Your writing shows marked individuality and self-will, a strong impulse, and a determined opinion on at subjects. You have little preconceived notions and sometimes prejudiced in judgment, but you earnestly wish to be just and fair, as probably given to argument and a pretty fair reasoner, have some sense of humor and no end of tenacity and grit.

DORSEY.—Do you ever read my rules? Please do so. Your writing shows some perception, tenacity of purpose, rather a sharp tongue and temper, a love of order, and thoroughness in work and play, not a very hopeful temperament. I think you are apt to grumble if things go contrary. You are rather matter of fact and have no patience with dreamer, have good energy and probably are a good manager.

HACIO.—Writing shows some tact and good perception—a little desire to create an effect, and a wish of conscientious effort. At the same time good ability, strength and candour; a lively fancy and decided amiability and kindliness; rather a taste for society, particularly of the opposite sex. The kind of person who would enjoy and work hard for social success, having enough ambition and talent to make success probable.

LITTLE MAID OF RURAL DISTRICTS.—Your small growl has come duly to hand. I can quite sympathize with you about the dullness of your surroundings. I should find it difficult to live contentedly in the country; but there are some features which are attractive, and I daresay you have found them out. Why were you afraid I should criticise your writing? and do you wish a graphological study; if so write again and tell me so, and I will attend to you.

ROBERT HARLAND.—1. I shall not serve you as I did Mr. Potter, for he has evidently received a deliberation, which I cannot make from your blotted and erratic lines. Am glad you like SATURDAY NIGHT, but do not quite understand your request. Have to say, that the last issue has been out for months and certainly her name has not been mentioned during that time. Perhaps the issue of the thermometer registering eighty-nine in the shade affected your chivalry, Robert.

SUNWARDTHERTHA.—Your writing shows some imagination, candor, some self-esteem but not enough to hurt, rather a good disposition and temper, some determination and a liking for your own way. I think you are apt to speak with out thinking and to act in a like hasty manner, but your writing gives me the impression of a very fine character. I do not remember the letter you refer to but it must have been very bad if in the face of your handwriting I so chastised it!

MALTA.—If you have given the servant your card wait until she takes it in, but if you do not know the mistress of the house and the maid delays about showing you in, just dispense with her and wa k in yourself. There is generally no delay and the maid should show you in to the drawing room if for you. Our modern portieres make the drawing-room less secluded, and often the servants are very indifferent the direction of a card away. If a strange house, however, I should wish her to show me in, even if I had to wait a moment for her to close the hall door.

BAY.—Writing shows some imagination, good perseverance, rather an amiable temper, but subject to cloudy intervals, not a placable disposition, not disposed to grant hurry, but rather easily depressed and not liable to endure patiently any severe strain, very strong likes and dislikes, a decided fancy for artistic pursuits, good impulse, strong capability of fiction, not much sympathy, rather reserved animal in slight tendency to be sensual, some amount of humor, but no original wit, rather observant and not at all answering to the traits of your *nom de plume*.

JO FUM MARK.—1. For enclosure see Rules, made in desperation by an over-run graphologist. Your writing shows originality, perseverance, locality, strong impulse, love of intellectual intercourse and some sensitiveness. You desire to deserve and receive the praise of others, and are scrupulous in your dealings with your fellow-men. I don't think your opinions are very decided, and they are apt to change without much notice. I was sorry to hear you had been a victim to "La Grippe." How did I escape? Hope you are quite well now. It is so long since you wrote me.

JUDAS.—Writing shows erratic impulse, probably in fancies and dislikes, strength, easy of manner, rather a talent for planning and rather a weakness for castle building. You are optimistic, but not very buoyant, and your good sense often restrains you from the foolishness you would otherwise fall into. You have considerable tact, but you are rather set in your own way, and difficult to convert or persuade. Hence, you are the individual who will not be liable to go hungry, if there is bread to be had anywhere.

BLUE, No. 2.—1. Your second letter just received with coupon attached. 2. Your writing shows originality, good temper, rather an erratic fancy, some hope, good judgment, perseverance, gentleness and sympathy. You are fond of praise, and usually deserve it, as you strive to do well what you undertake. Your writing is not a thoroughly formed yet, and gives promise of strong developments in the future. You are fond of fun and rather socially inclined. Sorry you thought me too cross for other letter. I had just torn here and yours up and thrown them in the waste paper basket when your letter came to-day.

AN ADMIRER OF DICKENS.—I. I do not think so; I am also a warm admirer. Your not having been able to remember the name of the story you inquire about makes it rather difficult to discover who wrote it, don't you think so? 2. Your writing shows an upright, honest and candid nature, with considerable temperance, and good sense. You are kind and goodhearted, though you lack the finer perception and sympathy that is such a power over something plain spoken, truthful and sincere, but no "managing plain." You have keen appreciation of humor, and some imagination, and rather contempt for the small things of life, that is almost a defect.

HOPELESS.—Your writing shows good talent, candour, some ideality, good self-esteem, a high and cheerful temperament, a rather uncertain temper, and a suddenness of speech, and some of opinion somewhat hasty. You are truthful, and decided in your likes and dislikes, rather open-hearted, erratic in your impulse but not given to lightness. You have certain little mannerisms and peculiarities that are very original. I have received a letter from some friend of yours who wished to hurry up your delineation. I have answered you in your turn but was cross enough when I received your good friend's letter to set you back another week.

CONJUX.—1. What a difficult question you have asked me! and how can I answer it without knowing the circumstances? If all dependent on the parents the young man would do well to consider their wishes, and in any case, such courtesy would do no harm. Of course there are circumstances which are unusual, and in which he should decide independently of anyone, but as you have not stated much I cannot give your letter much weight. On the subject you mention the young man of twenty-three often has very erratic opinions. 2. Your writing shows great tenacity of purpose, good judgment, strong impulse, self-will, impulsive and determination, good talent, some affection for home and family. With all these handling qualities it has also quickness of perception, good temper, a great desire for approbation, sensitiveness and sympathy, rather a strong disposition, by the way. For enclosure, please see rules

ETAR.—1. It is always such a treat to come across your fine cut handwriting, especially when it sets before me such nice items as this does. 2. About the riding lessons. You can get a horse and second from a veterinary surgeon, and Bloor street east, just near Yonge. His name is Mossom, and he would be in every way a desirable teacher, being a fine rider and very patient with beginners. Your enclosure is a very strong study, showing great tenacity of purpose and some capability of good and evil, careless, easy of detail and generally impatient and ill-considered thoughts. The lack of finish in this hurried scrawl makes it hardly a fair study, and I should like to see you and do, in haste, just as he writes, not in great measure to his meaning. Could drive to narrow and contracted and generally rather good humored. I should think he would make the woman who loves him very happy and also try her patience at times. I think he can't have such a character as this without some drab backs

MOLLE.—You do not say whether you wish an afternoon tea, high tea, or evening meal, but if the latter the inevitable rolled bread and butter, coffee and tea, with some very tiny sandwiches and claret cup, lemonade and lice, with macaroons, sponge fingers, sweet cake, and some fancy iced cake would be ample. For high tea—You would have salad and delicacies of fish, baked potatoes, cold tongue or ham, jellied chicken, or cold roast duck, game is always suitable and oysters in season, and for the other courses you could have fruit and custards, hot tea biscuits or sally lunn. For the ordinary tea you could dispense with hot meats and potatoes and serve cold ham or tongue, jam, tea biscuits, custards and any fruit in season, berry or peach shortcake is nice, tea and coffee are suitable for beverages at the high tea, light wine or shandy gaff might be introduced. 2. Your answer is given at once, as you ask about your tea, but I must ask you to remember that I object to use for graphological study use not accompanied by the "Correspondence Coupon" as required

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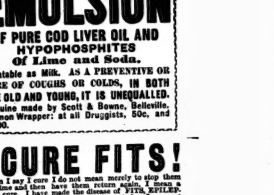
W. H. BENTLEY.



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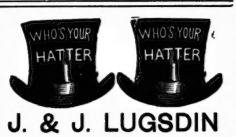

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

few of the dresses worn were: Miss Dixon, green muslin; Miss Donavon, green china and white watered silk, green and white ribbons; Mrs. Hessiland, black silk and jet; Mrs. Irvine, black net, crimson silk waist and ribbons: Miss Fenton, pink china silk, Miss E. Fenton, blue cashmere, white muslin waist and sash; Miss Mary Donavan, green muslin; Miss F. Smith, peach colored satin; Miss Barker, blue and white silk, trimmed with white ribbon velvet; Miss Bate, pale blue pique and cream striped muslin; Miss Bernard, black satin; Miss Heward, black lace.

A panic was caused among the many friends of Hebert Syer a few days ago by a vision of the dark-eyed youth in question sturdily endeavouring to gain control of his runaway horse, which was galloping madly down the main street. The lines, however, were in the strong and determined hands of a very self-possessed young whip, and after a short battle the horse stood quietly behind a rather damaged village cart, and—in the rear—a group of interested and anxious friends.

The concert held in the pavilion at the Queen's last Friday evening under the auspices of the Niagara Curling Club was one of the best of the season. The talent engaged by the committee was exceptionally good, and those present enjoyed a most thoroughly delightful evening.

All those taking part were well received and heartily encored, but never perhaps has Mr. Ramsay been so enthusiastically received as he was on Friday. At the conclusion of every song prolonged and deafening applause gained an encore, which was again encored in spite of repeated attempts on the part of the chairman, Rev. J. C. Garrett, to announce the next song on the programme. The attempts, however, were only good-naturedly made as a matter of form, the chairman evidently enjoying the situation as heartily as the audience. Mr. Mundie also scored a great triumph, receiving a most enthusiastic burst of applause upon each appearance. Among the audience which was a fairly large one, were quite a number of the bowlers, who, however, appeared to find the verands cooler and more inviting than the long roads of seats inside. A few of those present were: Mr. G. Geddes, Miss Russell, Miss E. Boulton, Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Le Jendre, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss and Miss E. Heward, Miss M. Geale, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. J. G. Heward, Mr. B. Morrison, Mr. C. and E. Milloy, Mr. Fleischmann, Mr. Coulson, Mrs. H. Hewgill.

As is usually the case the week preceding the tennis tournament and its accompanying gaieties, the hop last Saturday evening was not quite the success many hoped it would be. The room was fairly well filled, but numbers of familiar faces were missing. Among those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodwin Miss Folwell, Lieut. and Mrs. Irvine, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burrell, Miss B. Paffard, Mr. E. and Mrs. P. Bail, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dickson, Lieut. and Mrs. Hessiland, the Misses Donavan, Mr. Squires, Mr. Downey, Miss Sherry, Mr. G. Toller, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. W. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. G. and the Misses Heward, the Misses Boulton, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. Nelles, Miss Godson, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Miss Milloy, Mr. Gurrey, Miss Hatch, Mr. J. Garvin, Mr. and Mrs. Le Jendre, Mr. Coulson, Mr. S. Morrison, Miss McCollum, the Misses Bernard. A few of the dresses worn were: Mrs. Goodwin, white tulle over nile green silk; Miss Sherry, heliotrope silk; Miss Folwell, nile green silk, deep flounce of white lace; Mrs. Irvine, blue silk and white lace, blue and white striped waist; Miss Henderson, white china silk; Miss Donavan, black lace heavily trimmed with jet; Miss E. Bernard, gray cashmere trimmed with jet, Miss M. Donovan, light, biscuit-colored cloth, trimmed with garnet velvet; Miss Kingsmill, gray, with crimson silk waist.

Miss Daisy Ince, assisted by Miss Birdie Warren, entertained about ten or fifteen little invited guests last Saturday afternoon. Games and a general romp were merrily indulged in, after which followed a dainty and delicious tea, presided over by the little brown-eyed hostess.

Loud expressions of regret were heard on every side when the announcement was made on Tuesday that the concert of that evening was the last but one which Mr. Ramsay would hold out at the Amphitheatre this season. Had it not been for the pleasant entertainments which the Chautauqua favorite has once or twice a week arranged, not only for the cottagers and guests of the hotel, but for hundreds from the surrounding country, the season would have been far less pleasant than it has been. Every concert given by Mr. Ramsay has been remarkably well attended, and during the remainder of the season it will be difficult for his host of admirers to find any amusement equal to the pleasant evenings they have spent at the Amphitheatre. In the programme for Tuesday evening he was assisted by Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Peckham, and Master Bert Thompson. Among the audience, which was hardly as large as usual, I noticed Mr. H. Hunter, A. C. and the Misses Howe, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macdougall, Mrs. Russell, Mr. J. and Miss E Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Paffard, the Misses Paffard, Miss Blake, Mrs. Anderson, the Misses Heward, Mr. F. and Miss Rosamond Geddes, Mr. F. and Miss Geale, Mr. H. Syer, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. J. G. Heward, Mr. King, Mr. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Miss K. Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodwin and Miss McCollum were the guests last Sunday of Mrs. G. Bernard.

Mr. Syer has returned from Chicago.

Mr. F. Geale is spending his holidays with relatives in town.

Mrs. R. G. Dickson of Galt is spending a few days at Rosslyn, the guest of Mrs. D. B. Macdougall.

Mr. Ernest Ball, who has been spending his holidays in town, has returned to Toronto.

Mr. H. Hunter of Toronto is the guest of Mr. A. C. Howe.

Mr. R. G. Dickson is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. M Burrell of Louth spent last Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Godson is the guest of Mrs. P. Beale.

GALATEA.

BIG BAY POINT.

The following guests registered at the Robinson House during the past week: Miss Alma Barton, Mr. F. B. Bull, Miss Birdie Irvine, Mrs. John Starfish, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. J. M. Whitworth, Mr. James E. Duke, Mr. E. Berkinshaw and son, Miss Kilross, Miss Minnie O'Connor, Miss E. A. Ford, Miss Madelaine Stern, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Elliott, Mr. S. H. Hayes, Mr. Charles Reid, Miss Geraldine Millard, Mr. Howard Millard of Toronto, Mr. John Henderson, Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, Mr. J. A. Thompson, Mr. John Stephens, Mrs. and Miss Stephens of Barrie; Prof. Henry J. Cody of St. Catharines, Mr. A. H. Bennet of Milwaukee, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. Bray of Scouffville, Mr. Alex. Hardie of Strathallan, Miss A. Summers of Welland, Miss Essie Kennedy of Barrie, the Misses I. and F. M. Hogg, Dam, Mr. C. Crease, Mr. William Campbell of Barrie, Mr. D. Blackley of Hamilton, Mr. T. J. D. Norman, Mr. A. W. Wilkinson, Mr. F. J. Crease, Mr. John F. Lennox, Mr. Will D. B. Sory, Mr. James C. Mitchell, Mr. James H. McCurry, Mr. T. Herbert Lennox, Mr. F. J. Bemrose, Mr. H. F. McLeod, Mr. Fred Stevenson, Mr. J. Crawford of Barrie.

Messrs. Johnson, Al. Bunn, W. W. Forsythe and Holmes of Newmarket spent a few days at the Point this week.

Mr. and Mrs. McConnell and family of Toronto have taken up their residence for the balance of the summer in the Peninsular Park Hotel. It is understood that in another year this hotel will be opened to the public. A number of improvements are to be made on the hotel and grounds which will place this resort on a footing with the best summer resorts known.

Mr. Bogart's tent being invaded on Tuesday evening of last week by a picnic party from Barrie, the usual habitues divided themselves between the two taffy pulls which were held on the same evening.

Messrs. Fred Norman and Will Wilkinson of Barrie spent Sunday last at Comoliye Camp.

Quite a number went to Orillia per steamer Lilile to witness the Orillia-Beaverton lacrosse match. Comoliye Camp went per steamer Annie C. Hill.

PORT COLBORNE.

The Humberstone Club have their summer cottages—about fifteen in number—at a delightful spot on Lake Erie about a mile from Port Colborne. Mr. Peter McIntyre of Memphis, Tenn., is president, and Mr. B. C. Avery is general manager. Following is a list of members who with their families are spending the summer here: Mr. J. N. Falls, Mr. Forsdick, Mr. P. McIntyre, Mr. Stewart, Mrs. Goyer of Memphis, Mr. William Gearig of Baton Rouge, Mr. John Barkley, Mr. Morris of New Orleans, and Mr. H. S. Mars, Mr. C. H. Nelson, Mr. W. C. Matthews of Toronto. And of their families and guests now here are the following: Miss and Miss Minnie Falls of Memphis, Miss and Miss Lillie Morris of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nelson of Montreal, Mrs. Small of York, Penn., Mrs. Wetter, Miss Compton of Memphis, Miss Ada Favrot of Baton Rouge, Miss Barkley of New Orleans, Mrs. and Miss Taylor, Miss and Miss Mabel Cochrane, Miss and Miss Ida Stewart of Memphis, Miss Mary and Miss Susie Mars of Toronto, Miss Avery, Miss McIntyre, Miss Wetter of Memphis, Mr. W. and Mr. Henderson Barkley of New Orleans, Mr. Wetter, Mr. Lawson Falls of Memphis, Mr. McC. Gearig of Baton Rouge, Mr. Eugene Snowdon of the Continental National Bank, Memphis, Mr. Robert Allen Hurt of the Supreme Court, Jackson, Tenn., Mr. Walter Keith of Nashville, Tenn., and Mr. and Mrs. William Goulding. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warren and Mr. Candee of Toronto.

By the kind invitation of one of the members of the club I had the pleasure of spending a few days this week in the delightful coolness and bright sunlight of this sylvan retreat. Toronto people who have not been here can not imagine the beauties and perfections of this place as a summer resort. (This is not an advertisement inasmuch as the club membership is complete.) But it will be interesting to know what we have so near home, and what we miss by going to the sea side. First, then the cottages are most picturesque in construction, and are situated in one of the most enchanting groves imaginable and stretching along the front of the grove, and gently sloping to the blue and sparkling waters of Lake Erie, is a smooth sandy beach affording the very best bathing facilities. Then there are many natural attractions, principal whereof is sugar loaf mount, and from whose summit a grand panoramic view can be had of the surrounding country.

Next, I must speak of the cooking arrangements. The meals are all served at the club dining hall, where Mr. Avery has a very efficient staff and can really astonish one with the completeness of his bill of fare, for truly I was hungry the evening we arrived, and what with the brilliant lighting of the whole grove, buildings and all, and the dazzling brightness of many eyes I felt somewhat embarrassed at first, and that may in part account for my incredulity on looking over the Menu, but there was no sham about it, everything proved to be what the card called for, and, what is more, the cooking was right to a turn. This idea of having meals served at a common dining hall is certainly the desideratum for the attainment of rest and comfort by the ladies at their cottages. They have no work, no worry about servants and commissariat, and what though they do miss for a time the wildly exhilerating aroma of boiled cauliflower and the sweetly insidious fried onion. Losses quite equal to these have been borne before. As to the manner of spending one's time here I must simply say that we all go in for comfort, and though there is good fishing the boating and bathing is more attractive, as are also the lounging and loitering in quiet nooks and following the sinuosity of the winding paths where slanting rays of sunlight alternate with rich deep and sombre shadows—so conducive to day dreams those heavenly concomitants of the ideal summer resort. But I must not ramble here, whatever I did at Humberstone Club. Then the large hall is used for dancing once a week, and the floor is perfect for that purpose, and although the ladies dress in charming muslins and general fluffiness the men are supposed to come in their flannels. The scene is accordingly very bright; the music sufficient to meet the approval of the most fastidious dancers and the refreshments are served at small tables by the ten or twelve club waiters.

Added to the above there are the concerts given at private houses—the two or three which I attended were model in every way. Miss Mary Matthews and Miss Ada Favrot, as planists were certainly delightful and Miss Taylor's vocal solos were received with raptures of applause. These and certain others here not mentioned are given above contributed in making our stay one of continued delight. The characteristic features of the place are beauty, refinement and musical ability. What more can one desire! What wonder that our hearts are ours no longer! Oh, those bewitching southern girls! One used to sing, Maryland, my Maryland. But that is now to be somewhat varied—Baton Rouge! My Baton Rouge! etc. ENCHANTED.

His Majesty the Average Reader.

The novelist who studiously concerns himself with the tastes of the average reader is either made or lost, and on certain occasions he is both. If he writes purely for popularity he now and then attains it, but more often quite misses it; and if he writes for popularity and attains it he is not seldom wofully self-dissatisfied. It is a general article of faith that the novelists with plethoric pocketbooks are the happiest of their class; but much as the best of us love a fair wage for work honestly done, those who possess any literary ideal whatever desire emolument as a tangible sign. I recall being once greatly astonished to hear a writer of rather cheap tales in a decidedly inferior journal say that the authors whom he chiefly enjoyed reading were Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley. I had never found the least trace of this declared cult in his own compositions, and presently the truth came out. He was a creator who despised his own creations, notwithstanding that he reaped from them a good deal of solid pecuniary profit. His confession pointed, for my later reflections, a noteworthy moral. Perhaps it is not true that there are many neglected novelists in the world who have a happy time of it; but we might feel safe in asserting that these same wall-flowers in the big garden of fiction would not be so contented as they now are if transplanted to a parterre whose associate blooms they did not consider good literary company.

The average novel reader is, after all, a terrible tyrant. To succeed for him, in a novel, means to bite into his attention, and that precisely part of him is apt to be a very hard and repelling element. He cares nothing for the story-teller himself. Last year Jones may have worn a magic spell over him, but this year Jones' triumph is remembered only in a spirit of despotic comparison. You may, in the past, for all he cares, have written masterpieces untold; what he wants you for now is what you can do for him now in the way of interest and diversion. There is your book, and there is he, enconced beside his grate, with his slippers, and his mind at once receptive and capriciously critical. Freshness of subject would appear at all times to be his autocratic demand; and yet somebody will venture to present him with a tale of his own time, his own town, even of his own most hackneyed personal experiences, and he will eagerly devour it, laud it among his neighbors and friends, and effect for it a commercial vogue. He is so illogical in his behavior as a reader of you that you frequently feel justified in ignoring him altogether and spinning your yarns for for somebody else.

But that "somebody else" is a most shadowy personage. If a novelist does not sell with the average reader he must content himself with a limited circulation indeed. Of course there is always the large though hidden throng of intellectual appreciators, who glance at none except the "best" novels. But you and I who recount the loves of Edmund and Angelica may long have lain in our graves before anything we have wrought has been pronounced a true "classic." And considering the enormous amount of fiction that has been written and is being written, probably it is not far from the truth to state that the deliberate aim to achieve a classic is vainglorious presumption. The most famous novelists have really achieved few.—*Lippincott's.*

A Ready Reckoner.

Teacher—Meyer, supposing I buy 1 7-8 ells of cloth, costing 1 11-12 thalers, for a pair of pants, can you tell me how much I shall have to give for the cloth?

Meyer (with a soul above fractions)—Sir, 1 7-8 ells of cloth are not sufficient to make you a pair of pants; you will want 2 ells. Take my advice, and don't go and buy cloth at 1 11-12 thalers, but something a trifle better for 2 thalers; that will make it exactly 2 thalers.—*Buntes Feuilleton.*

The Newest Color.

Oyster shell white is the latest color on the market. It is a gleaming silvery tint, resembling the inner recesses of the oyster shell. It looks like a timid half gray wedded to a greenish white.

Braided Pantaloons.

The fashion connoisseurs have ties for men in pinks, blues and buff this year, hand embroidered in patterns of tiny wild flowers. And heaven forgive them, they know not what they do; they are really showing a tendency to wear braiding round the bottom of their pantaloons. Will it evolute into Hamburg and lace?

Pen Points.

Out of the question—The engagement ring.

Goes against the grain—The reaper's scythe.

A lottery ticket is one of the things a man will get mad over and not show it.

The oratory of some men may not move mountains yet it often succeeds in making a big bluff.

King Street Silk Market

—THE BON MARCHE'S—

Great Show of Silks, Brocades, Etc.

COLORED SILKS	BLACK SILKS
Pure Silk Surahs (newest shades) 25c, worth 40c	Black Pure Silk Merveilleux 40c, worth 75c
Pure China Silks (latest colorings) 25c, worth 50c	Black Pure Silk Gros Grain 50c, worth 75c
All Silk Merveilleux (all colors) 39c, worth 65c	Black Pure Silk Gros Grain (very heavy) 75c, worth $1 50
French Moire Silks (new colorings) 35c, worth 70c	Black French Luxor Silk $1.00, worth $1.50
Pure Silk French Failles 85c, worth $1.50	Black Pure Silk French Faille 85c, worth $1.50
Royal Armure Silks (good colors) 75c, worth $1 75	Black Pure Silk Rich Brocades $1.00, worth $2.00
Rich Colored Silk Brocades $1.00, worth $2.00	Black Pure Silk Royal Etoffe $1.25, worth $2.50

NOTE—The immense stock of silks we carry enables us to match almost any shade customers may require, thereby saving ladies the trouble of going from one store to another. Send for samples.

THE BON MARCHE, 7 and 9 KING STREET EAST

CREME DE VENUS

FOR THE COMPLEXION

CREME DE VENUS has no equal It readily removes skin blemishes such as

FRECKLES, TAN, BROWN SPOTS, Etc.

Where the skin is injured through the use of poisonous preparations, Creme de Venus will restore it to a healthy condition. It is not a Cosmetic, but a scientific remedy.

HAVE YOU A HEADACHE?

TRY GERMAN HEADCAHE POWDER. Instant relief is guaranteed. This powder contains neither antipyrine nor any opiate. Its action is reliable and perfectly harmless.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THOSE STANDARD REMEDIES.

German Headache Powder

PIANOS FOR HIRE AT MASON & RISCH'S

Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as to prevent disappointment later on.

MASON & RISCH,
32 King Street West.

33 - DANCING - 33

Prof. Davis

WILL OPEN HIS

33rd SEASON

BEGINNING

Tuesday, Sept. 1.

Academy 102 Wilton Ave.

33 - DANCING - 33

PATENT SECURED IN CANADA.

It is fixed on the lining under the drapery, and is worked from the outside much more easily with one hand than with two.

All that is necessary is to raise the dress behind, and at whatever place it is let go the sliding catch and the Suspender automatically fixes itself and sustains the dress at any desired height from the ground; indeed, so simple is it in operation, that this can be done quite well, even with an ulster on. No dress complete without it. To be had at

W. A. Murray & Co.'s and R. Walker & Sons

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR TORONTO:

FLETT & LOWNDES

The Automatic Dress Suspender Co.

GUELPH, ONT.

He Was Consoled.

She—It is useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no, I mean no.

He—Always?

"Invariably."

"And can nothing ever change your determination when you once make up your mind?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well, I wouldn't care to marry woman like that, anyhow!"

A Short Sharp Snappy Sale at McKENDRY'S

The last four days of August. SATURDAY NIGHT can only let its readers know of two of the days,

To-day, SATURDAY,
and
MONDAY, the last day of August.

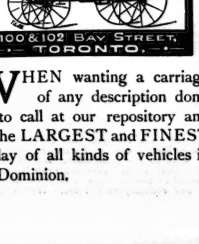
Stock-taking has been completed, but we have a few thousand dollars worth of goods that must not be carried over. What shall be done with em? We'll sell 'em. Price no object. We mean business; if you come you'll say so; it's entirely a question of

MUST SELL.

"Nuff sed," there'll be thousands here.

Will you?

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen



WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

A Romance in Sections.

The weekly hotel hop was in full blast, and for once there seemed to be enough men to satisfy the girls, and to provide each one with a partner. I, not being a dancing man, sat upon the piazza and smoked, occasionally relapsing into thought.

Not far away, in the deepest shadow, sat a girl and a man. They spoke so low as not to disturb me, and were evidently in earnest. I smiled at the thoughts of youth, and imagination supplied the conversation that I could not hear—the story that is so old, and yet as full of variatons as a Hungarian Rhapsodie.

Imagination got weary after a while in supplying conversation, and I studied a star that seemed to be entangled in the branches of a large tree not far away—I was in doubt as to whether it was a star or a lightning bug.

At that juncture a Tall Youth in white flannels shot out of the hotel door, and, stopping a moment to accustom himself to the darkness, discovered the couple just beyond me. He approached them as a boy who has had experience draws near to a cannon cracker that has failed to explode.

Tall Youth.—Aw—beg pardon; but may I have this waltz, Miss Budd!

Miss Budd (softly)—It is so cool and pleasant here just now, Mr. Willoughby.—

Tall Youth bowed and returned with crestfallen air, while all the admiration of my heart went out to the damsel who was so very sensible.

Returning to my former astronomical study, I discovered that it was a star in the tree, and after a moment's wondering as to how a star could get there, it suddenly burst upon me that the star shone through the branches. I knew it was a star from the fact that it now was shining above the trees.

It was a very little thing to think about, but it diverted me until I lit another cigar. Each cigar seems to be issued by a different railroad company, for each one has its own separate train of thought, and I have never been able to arrive at any conclusion by changing cigars in the midst of a speculation. The former thoughts are always sidetracked, and a new train gets up steam.

Perhaps other deep thinkers have experienced the same thing.

Tall Youth in white flannels suddenly appeared again upon the scene.

Tall Youth—Miss Budd—aw—this is a gavotte.

Miss Budd (sweetly)—So it is—

Tall Youth (confidently)—May I—aw—have it?

Miss Budd—Oh, Mr. Willoughby—but this is engaged.

As the Tall Youth vanished, there came a chuckle from the direction of Miss Budd, and I am willing to wager a pound of gloves that Miss Budd did not give vent to it. I felt sorry for the youth, but I could not offer consolation.

Meantime the twain not far away were whispering, and there were occasional bursts in the murmur that led me to smile as I had done at first.

Love always arouses me to mirth. Not that I affect cynicism, but the peculiar flatness of my pocketbook does not permit of my regarding Love in any serious manner, so I endeavor to get all the fun out of it that I can. I was aware, in a vague sort of way, that the music had blown forth a few strains and then ceased; and while wondering if the leader had been taken with a fit, my mind was set at ease by by the re-appearance of the Tall Youth, i.w.f.

Tall Youth.—Miss Budd—aw—may I have this quadrille!

Miss Budd.—Oh, thank you, Mr. Willoughby; but I so dislike square dances. (Exit Tall Youth).

I admired the courage of the lad, and thought at first that Miss Budd intended to give him that dance, and he must have felt that way, too, for his exit was dejected. I wondered what man so engrossed the young lady, and came to the opinion that it was a flirtation.

I can't imagine what suggested the idea, but after it came I felt no hesitation in trying to overhear the whispered talk. But it was useless—only a dim, indistinct murmur reached me, alternating between a sweet sound like far-off bells, and the rumble of a fast express behind the mountains.

While I tried to listen, the music stopped and then went on again. Re-appearance of Tall Youth.

Tall Youth (desparingly)—May I have this polka, Miss Budd!

Miss Budd—All the polkas were spoken for early in the day, Mr. Willoughby.

Another exit—another chuckle—more whispering. I wondered why the Tall Youth worded his request as though Miss Budd held the dance with her—or—here the ubiquitous youth came forward again.

Tall Youth—I—aw—was in error, Miss Budd—this is a galop. Are you engaged for that?

Miss Budd (kindly) Thank you, Mr. Willoughby; but I am—I am engaged for all the dances to-night—I might say, Mr. Willoughby, that I am engaged to Mr. Trotter for life.

There was an inarticulate murmur from the Tall Youth, and I think he fell through the floor, for I didn't see him go in. My cigar was out, and as I didn't wish to make any stir by lighting a match, I rose to go to the billiard-room.

A romance had been enacted in sections near me, and I was highly amused. I wondered whether Trotter had proposed before or after the gavotte.

The Tall Youth in white flannels was decidedly an energetic rival, but—*Puck.*

Andrew Lang's Boyhood Reading.

The first books which vividly impressed me were, naturally, fairy tales, and chap-books about Robert Bruce, William Wallace and Rob Roy. At that time these little books could be bought for a penny apiece. I can still see Bruce and Wallace in full armor, discoursing across a burn, and Rob Roy slipping from the soldier's horse into the stream. They did not then awaken a precocious patriotism; a boy of five is more at home in Dryland than in his own country. The sudden appearance of the White Cat as a queen, after her head was cut off; the fiendish malice of the Yellow Dwarf; the strange cake of crocodile eggs and millet seed which the mother of the Princess Frutilla made for the Fairy of the Desert—these things, all fresh and astonishing, but curiously to be credited, are my first memories of romance. One story of a White Serpent, with a woodcut of that mysterious reptile, I regleced to secure, probably for want of a penny, and I have regretted it ever since. One never sees those cheap books now. The White Serpent, in spite of all research, remains *introvable.* It was a close chance, and Fortune does not forgive. Nobody ever interfered with these, or indeed with any other studies of ours at that time, as long as they were not prosecuted on Sundays. "The fightingest parts of the Bible," and the Apocrypha, and stories like that of the Witch of Endor, were sabbatical literature; read in a huge old illustrated Bible. How I advanced from the fairy tales to Shakespeare, what stages there were on the way—for there must have been stages—is a thing that memory cannot recover. A nursery legend tells that I was wont to arrange six open books on six chairs, and go from one to the others, perusing them by turns. No doubt this was what people call "desultory reading," but I did not hear the criticism till later, and then too often for my comfort.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to know what proportion of people really care for poetry, and how the love of poetry came to them, and grew in them—and where and when it stopped. Modern poets whom one meets are apt to say that poetry is not read at all. Byron's Murray ceased to publish poetry in 1830, just when Tennyson and Browning were striking their preludes. Probably Mr. Murray was wise in his generation. But it is also likely that many persons, even now, are attached to poetry, though they certainly do not buy contemporary verse. How did the passion come to them? How long did it stay? When did the Muse say good-by? To myself, as I have remarked, poetry came with Sir Walter Scott, for one read Shakespeare as a child, rather in a kind of dream of fairyland and enchanted isles, than with any distinct consciousness that one was occupied with poetry. Next to Scott, with me came Longfellow, who pleased one as more reflective and tenderly sentimental, while the reflections were not so deep as to be puzzling. I remember how Hiawatha came out, when one was a boy, and how delightful was the free forest life, and Minnehaha and Pauppukkeewis and Nokomis. One did not then know that the same charm, with a yet fresher dew upon it, was to meet one later in the Kalewala. But, at that time, one had no conscious pleasure in poetic style, except in such ringing verse as Scott's, and Campbell's in his patriotic pieces. The pleasure and enchantment of style first appealed to me, at about the age of fifteen, when I read for the first time.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the northern sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord.

Next I tried Tennyson, and instantly a new light of poetry dawned, a new music was audible, a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," Shelley says. I am convinced that we scarcely know how great a poet Lord Tennyson is; use has made him too familiar.—*Scribner's.*

Is Beauty a Danger.

It is the easiest thing in the world to make an assertion. Consequently there is no difficulty in saying, as a modern sage does say, that the possession of great personal loveliness is incompatible with an equal amount of good sense and good feeling. But might one be allowed to ask why? Wherein lies the subtle connection, or disconnection, between these qualities? The question is certainly an important one. If it is true, as has been asserted, that, in addition to being a dunce and a virago, Helen as a rule marries unhappily, then certainly it is time something was done about it. Helen's mother should take the matter in hand at once. Fortunately, or unfortunately, personal beauty is easily gotten rid of. Nothing on earth is more fragile, or more illusory. It is possible that this may not be true in a state of savagery, where standards, tastes, and habits are quite unlike our own. But I venture to say that in this quarter of the globe, and in our day and generation, any mother who fears that *petite* Madamoiselle Helen will, as she grows older, be harmed by her beauty, can easily put an end to the danger if she wishes. Persistent recklessness, disregard of the laws of health, carelessness and bad taste generally, will soon make this *un fait accompli.* If hereafter Paris and Menelaus contend for her favor, there is little fear that it will be her beauty that calls them to arms.

Helen is surely to be pitied if the gods in dowering her with the so-called fatal gift of beauty have handicapped her for life. Anent this question of unhappy marriages, some one says that Helen plays and palters with fate and her lovers, till only the crooked stick is left her at last; while—who is the exact opposite, the antipodes, so to speak, of our fair Helen? shall we call her Ariadne, simply for the sake of convenience? while Ariadne, then, having but one lover, appreciates him at his true worth and takes him thankfully for her lord and master.

Now, would it not seem as if the woman who had several lovers to choose from might possibly make a wiser selection than she who had but one, thus being compelled to Hobson's choice? This is one way of looking at it. Another is this. The cases are very rare in which Ariadne marries Theseus because he is her one sole suitor. She is not in the least haunted by the fear of being doomed to perpetual maidenhood. Ariadnes as well as Helens, have their importunate wooers. The whole history of the race shows this.

It is said that Helen is a mere butterfly; that because she has so fair a body she neglects her "immortal power" and spends her idle summer days flitting from flower to flower, sipping a little honey here and there, but laying up no stores for winter. It would be interesting to have some statistics on this point, too. Come to the front, O Vassar and Smith and Wellesley, and tell us whether it be true that even in her callow days Helen, as a rule, neglects her lessons and by a natural law gravitates to the foot of the class. It is not possible to believe that a girl's only incentive to study is a desire for admiration. Yet this is certainly implied in the statement that as Ariadne knows she has few, or no, personal charms to depend upon, she cultivates her brains, while Helen, because she has a pretty face, refuses to study!

Is Helen in great danger from her less favored sister of falling a victim to an unholy passion for fine feathers?—*Lippincott's.*

The Country Lawyer.

If you have a candid and well-informed friend among city lawyers, ask him where the best masters of his profession are bred bred, in the city or in the country. He will reply without hesitation, "In the country." You will hardly need to have him state the reason. The country lawyer has been obliged to study all parts of the law alike, and he has known no reason why he should not do so. He has not had the chance to make himself a specialist in any one branch of the law, as is the fashion among city practitioners, and he has not coveted the opportunity to do it. There would not have been enough special cases to occupy or remunerate him if he had coveted it. He has dared attempt the task of knowing the whole law, and yet without any sense of daring, but as a matter of course. In his own little town, in the midst of his own small library of authorities, it has not seemed to him an impossible task to explore all the topics that engage his profession; the guiding principles, at any rate, of all branches of the great subject were open to him in a few books. And so it often happens that when he has found his sea legs on the sequestered inlets at home, and ventures, as he sometimes will, upon the great, troublous, and much-frequented waters of city practice in search of more work and larger fees, the country lawyer will once and again confound his city-bred brethren by discovering to them the fact that the law is a many-sided thing of principles, and not altogether a one-sided thing of technical rule and arbitrary precedent.—*Atlantic.*

A Little Knowledge.

Two farmers recently laid a wager that one could hold a wasp longer in his hand than the other. The man who dabbed chloroform on his hand expected to win, but the other happened to know that male wasps do not sting, and accordingly put one into his hand, and they smiled at each other, while the crowd wondered, until the chloroform evaporated; and then the man who used it suddenly let go his wasp. The other man got one money.

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Births.

WHITEHEAD—At Walkerton, on August 25, Mrs. James Whitehead—a son.

WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on August 21, Mrs. J. W. Williams—a daughter.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. A. Anderson—a son.

BURKHOLDER—At Toronto, on August 14, Mrs. F. Burkholder—a son.

GALBRAITH—At Toronto, on August 20, Mrs. J. Galbraith—a son.

LAMB—At Toronto, on August 23, Mrs. Daniel Lamb—a son.

MASSEY—At Toronto, on August 9, Mrs. Wm. J. Massey—a son.

PRICE—At Toronto, on August 15, Mrs. W. R. Price—a daughter.

STEVENS—At Toronto, on August 24, Mrs. D. B. Stevens—a son.

GILBERT—At Hamilton, on August 20, Mrs. Herbert J. Gilbert—a daughter.

HENR—At Beamsville, on August 21, Mrs. O. E. Henry—a son.

CROCKER—At Toronto, on August 17, Mrs. J. B. Crocker—a daughter.

WAINWRIGHT—At Toronto, on August 16, Mrs. George J. Wainwright—a daughter.

BROWNE—At Toronto, on August 18, Mrs. Gavin Brown—a son.

BROWN—At Toronto, on August 17, Mrs. P. H. Brown—a daughter.

WOOD—At Brockville, on July 28, Mrs. W. Field Wood—a daughter.

MALCOMSON—At Toronto, on August 20, Mrs. Stewart Malcomson—twins, boy and girl.

Marriages.

ROBINSON—EASTMAN—At Toronto, on August 19, by the Rev. W. F. Wilson, Ben. K. Robinson to Gertrude Estella Eastman, all of Toronto.

DINGLE—MCLAURIN—At Napanee, on August 19, B Dingle to Lizzie McLaurin.

VOGT—MCGILL—At Bowmanville, on August 19, Augustus Stephen Vogt to Georgia Adelaide McGill.

ELIOT—LEAHY—At Toronto, on August 24, Granville Percival Eliot to Emma Alexandra Leahy.

GREENE—RYAN—At Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Percival Talbot Greene to Reta Ryan.

LANGFORD—STOBBS—At Hamilton, on August 20, Arthur L. Langford to Lizzie S. Stobbs.

JOHNSON—BOULTBEE—At Vancouver, B C., on August 10, Robert T. Johnson to Florence Boultbee.

AULT—MACPHERSON—At Auliveille, on August 18, Arthur W. Ault to Nellie E. MacPherson.

HULSE—CHERRY—At Fisherville, on August 19, Thomas S. M. Hulse to Ruth Sophia Cherry.

Deaths.

PLATT—At St. Catharines, on August 12, John Platt, aged 76 years.

FISHER—At Greenock, Scotland, on August 20, R. F. Fisher.

LAUGHLEN—At Toronto, on August 24, Wilhemina Ashbury Laughlen, aged 5 months.

MUNRO—At Toronto, on August 20, John Munro, aged 73 years.

MANLEY—At Toronto, on August 21, Victoria Elizabeth Manley, aged 9 months

WALLS—At Toronto, on August 20, Thomas J. Walls, aged 23 years.

BANFIELD—At Toronto, on August 25, Elmore Bickell Banfield, aged 4 months.

COLE—At Toronto, on August 24, Thomas Cole, aged 66 years.

ALLEN—At Toronto, on August 22, Ellen Allen, aged 49 years.

ERICE—At Davisville, Frank Brice.

COUBINS—At Toronto, on August 23, infant son of E. J. and Rebecca Cousins, aged 3 months.

COLVILLE—At Toronto, on August 22, Aleda Wilhelmine Colville, aged 9 months.

BUNTZ—At Oakville, on August 22, Felix Rupert Buntz, aged 5 months.

McGIBBON—At St. Catharines, on August 23, Mary Shannon McGibbon, aged 1 year.

PLATT—At St. Catharines, on August 22, John Platt, aged 76 years

SMITH—At Toronto, on August 22, William Smith, aged 56 years.

WOLVERTON—At Grimsby, on August 22, Edgar Wolverton, aged 21 years.

FERGUSON—At Toronto, on August 20, John C. Ferguson.

GOUGH—At Peterborough, on August 19, Eliza Gough, aged 67 years.

HARTON—At Toronto, on August 19, Thomas A. Harton, aged 60 years.

PATTINSON—At Toronto, on August 19, John H. Pattinson.

MALCOLM—At Kascon, Mexico, Dr. Alex. Malcolm, aged 45 years.

OLIVER—At Toronto, on August 21, Margaret Abraham Oliver.

JENNINGS—At Toronto, August 21, Louisa Jennings, aged 23 years.

ARCHER—At Toronto, on August 22, Martha Archer, aged 44 years.

CLARKE—At Cobourg, on August 15, Dr. John R. Clarke, aged 40 years.

BARLTROP—At Hepworth, on August 15, Rev. Alfred J. Sarltrop.

McCONACHIE—At Honeywood, Ont., on August 14, Marjory McConachie, aged 90 years.

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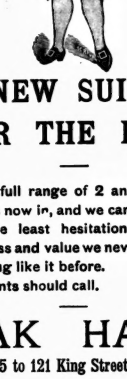

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Prose Ode to a Festive Maiden.

Oh! festive maiden, you of the golden locks and the fluffy suit, be not too flip in the days of thy youth, and let not thy head become swollen with the egotistical idea that you know more in a minute than the mother of your being knows in a month. Pride goeth before a fall, and maids who get too smart for their clothes sometimes awake from their dream of superiority to find themselves transformed into inglorious soup. Consume not all of your time, oh, houri, in thumping a piano and reading romances of love, but get thee to the kitchen and learn to brew and to bake, for the husband of thine after years may butt up against the wrong side of a transaction in wheat and be compelled to discharge the female of his household. If you would cause men to think you are precious ware make not your charms too cheap. Emulate not the nimimy-pimimy girl who thinks she is too sacred to be even hugged in proper time and place, but neither emulate you the frisky wearer of scarlet skirts, for than to be so her, better had a precious stone be fastened about your neck and you be the principal of a training school for old maid school teachers. Be you just a rosy, jolly, romping girl who can dance, and ride, and drive, and flirt just a little, and kiss your sweetheart when he deserves it; but be also a maid of sense who is of some good on the face of the earth. And above all, guard yourself from the sin of writing dialect stories for magazines—*Texas Siftings.*

Positively the Worst.

"Speaking of Bishop Coxe," observed the exchange editor, lacing his collar, "why doesn't he say something about that notorious female rider in Germany!"

The financial editor braced himself firmly, seized a paper weight, and inquired:

"What female rider?"

"Em Bargo on the American hog," answered the exchange editor.

The financial editor laid down his weapon, put on his hat, and went sadly out. It was the worst one he had ever heard.

And so They Wed.

"Do you know how to cook?" he asked.

"No," she replied, sweetly, "but pa has money enough to hire a woman to do the cooking for us."